The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1913.

The Week

Under ordinary circumstances the elections held in the November following the inauguration of a President are not looked to as furnishing any strong indication of the feeling of the country towards the new Administration. But in the present instance the circumstances are not ordinary. As a personality, President Wilson has asserted himself in a way that is highly unusual, both in manner and in matter. He has performed the unprecedented feat of holding Congress in continuous special session not only through the summer, but through the autumn months, and this in spite of the completion two months ago of the great task for which it was primarily assembled. Apart, too, from any personal aspect of the situation, the country has now had two months in which to consider a reduction of the tariff so radical as to afford a searching proof of the reality or unreality of that feeling of alarm which protectionists have always said was bound to seize upon the country when face to face with such a change. In view of these rapid and signal developments, it was inevitable that the elections in many parts of the country should have taken on a special significance. The outcome in each separate instance is, of course, determined in the main by local factors. But taken as a whole, the country will not fail to read, in the result in New York city, in New Jersey, in Massachusetts, in Maryland, and elsewhere a victory for the Wilson Administration. The prestige of the President comes out of the test distinctly heightened.

Next in interest to the question whether the elections would show any indication of a reaction against the new Administration at Washington and the work of the Democratic Congress was that of the light they might throw on the status of the Progressives. The nearest approach to encouragement for the party was given in Massachusetts. In that State Mr. Bird, the Progressive candidate for Governor, polled about 10,000 votes more than Mr. Gardner, the Republican candidate; but this showing is attributable to the personal strength of Bird and the opposition aroused by some of Gardner's utterances and by his stand as one of the leading advocates of severe restriction of immigration. The vote for Bird, however, fell about 54,000 short of that for Walsh, the Democratic candidate. Apart from this one bit of encouragement, the Progressive vote of Tuesday confirms the conclusion, to which enrolment figures and scattering elections have been so distinctly pointing ever since the Presidential election, that the hold of the new party on its following is steadily declining. And the exhibition of strength which the Democratic party has given is bound, in the nature of things, to accelerate this process. These State elections are demonstrating, beyond reasonable doubt, what the Presidential election showed plainly enough—that in a three-cornered fight the Democratic party is sure to be overwhelmingly victorious unless one of its two opponents is reduced to insignificant proportions. And of the two it is certainly not the Republican party that will efface itself. From now on, the gravitation of the Progressives towards their old Republican attachments is likely to be more pronounced than ever.

The blow which the voters of New York laid upon the skull of Tammany this Tuesday is the most smashing which was ever dealt the Hall. Crashing majorities overwhelmed it from every side. It could not even elect a Sheriff in the County of New York! No such splendid opportunity had ever before come to the outraged people, and they seized it eagerly and with joy. The election returns yield evidence of what was suspected in advance, that thousands of even nominal Tammany adherents jumped at the chance to repudiate and destroy the stupid and sordid leadership of Murphy. Upon that Boss at Baltimore last June hisses and execrations were poured from all parts of the Democratic National Convention. Yet he then met them all with a face of brass, secure, as he thought, in his control of the city of New York, and of the State Legislature. But now all this power has been dashed from his hand, his own familiar friends have lifted up their heel against him, and even among his Tammany intimates he can expect only averted looks and reproaches.

At the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile, now ended, there was an almost unprecedented display of the interest of Americans in South America and South American trade. Besides President Wilson and other officials, the delegates heard representatives of Brazil, Argentina, and the Central American and Pacific States. Señor Pezet, of Peru, invited them to send their "men into Pan-America to ascertain what is needed there." A recent Government report shows our exports to all Latin-America for the last fiscal year to be approximately $335,000,000, against $123,000,000 in 1903, a gain of 183 per cent. During the same period exports to the rest of the world increased only 64 per cent. But the figures are deceptive as to Yankee enterprise, for they prove simply how the consuming power of the republics south of us has increased, and disclose nothing as to the *share* the United States has supplied. Indeed, this share, as the Bureau of Commerce has just ascertained, was in 1911 no larger than in 1901.

On Saturday, November 1, the process of "collecting at the source," a cardinal feature of the income-tax law, went into active operation. Although it is also a salient feature of the law that the tax will hit only some four hundred thousand individuals, those who counted on the popularity of the bill with all the rest of the hundred million people of the country, on the ground that it does not trouble them at all, will find their expectations in a considerable degree disappointed. The vexations attending the process of exemption will affect, in one way and another, millions of persons. This may have been quite unavoidable if the double purpose of collection at the source and of a high exemption from the tax was to be fulfilled; but, avoidable or not, it will be found a great nuisance, and, until the people get accustomed to it, will provoke an enormous amount of irritation. Americans

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spend money cheerfully, but they dislike extremely to be compelled to take a lot of petty trouble to comply with official forms, and especially when that compliance involves the making of declarations about their personal affairs.

Some of the faulty provisions of the section were amended in the House; but the general imperfection of its workmanship was left uncured. It was widely expected that the form of the section would be thoroughly recast in the Senate; but nothing of this kind was done. The result is that, after the lapse of months during which the Treasury officials have had the opportunity of anticipating and straightening out every probable difficulty, their efforts have fallen so far short that the law goes into effect with the financial world at sea over its requirements. The experience is not without its lesson in regard to the banking bill. Imperfections in that measure may be lightly brushed aside by Congress or the President, but that will not prevent the working out of their natural consequences if retained in the law. And while the imperfections in the form of the income-tax bill entail, after all, nothing more than a certain amount of worry and inconvenience, the defects that have been pointed out in the banking bill are capable of producing evil results of a most substantial and lasting nature.

The Secretary of the Navy's endorsement of **Winston Churchill's** propos for an international sabbatical year in the matter of battleship building has in turn been endorsed by Congressmen with a unanimity which may have come as a surprise even to Secretary Daniels. We do not recall when Speaker Clark has said anything to better purpose than his forcible arraignment of the craze for naval construction. Between Mr. Clark and Mr. Mann, who pointed out that large navies are partly to be explained by a desire for contractors' profits, there was left little to be said. If steps towards a formal agreement among the nations for a temporary suspension of naval armament increase are to be taken by any Government, the initiative should come from ourselves. Emanating from Washington, the proposal is not likely to arouse the jealous fears and suspicions which make up the international state of mind in Europe. But one caution is necessary: in suggesting a naval holiday to the nations, this Government must not in any way imply that in its own case there are certain extenuating circumstances which unfortunately, etc. It is this readiness to legislate for others that makes the peace proposals of certain statesmen ridiculous.

Mr. Bryan, replying to criticisms by the anti-saloon people in Maryland, who object to his stumping the State for Blair Lee, Democratic candidate for the United States Senate and a leading opponent of the State-wide Local Option bill, declares that local option is a State issue, and that therefore his present course is not inconsistent with his Nebraska record. The point is not only well taken, but should serve as a reminder of one of the principal benefits of the system of direct election of United States Senators. Under the old method, it would have been impossible for voters to act upon the United States Senatorship on its merits, either personal or political. In such a situation as the present one in Maryland, where the liquor question is a burning issue, they could not elect a State Legislature, on the basis of their views of this issue, and at the same time make effective their desires as to the United States Senate, on the basis of their views upon national issues. Under the direct-election plan, the matter presents no difficulty. The people can vote for State legislators on State issues and for United States Senators on national issues. In the end something of the same kind of benefit will result for our State governments as is coming to our cities through the growing separation of municipal questions from national and State politics.

That a serious movement is on foot at Washington to put a stop to the gross abuse of the franking privilege is pleasing information. The privilege of a free use of the mails within reasonable limits is to be continued to members of Congress under the plan proposed, but instead of an unlimited power of franking they will be entitled to a specified quantity of special stamps, after the exhaustion of which they will have to pay postage on any additional documents or letters they may wish to send through the mails. Along with this scheme of reform and economy, the Democratic leaders are working out a plan for the prevention of the great waste that goes on in the printing of needlessly large editions of public documents. While in this virtuous mood, the gentlemen who are pushing these reforms might well include a third in the field of their efforts. The leave-to-print abuse, which so mars the *Congressional Record*, has just been illustrated in an extreme form. A Missouri Representative, having got the customary "unanimous consent" for leave "to extend his remarks," procured the insertion in the *Congressional Record* of a eulogy delivered by ex-Secretary Nagel upon the late Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis brewer.

The opportunity for an excellent test of one of the principal formularies in the Progressive creed is afforded by the Government's suit for the dissolution of the Harvester Trust. In Attorney-General McReynolds's brief, George W. Perkins is named as the father of the Harvester Trust. When the suit comes to trial and Mr. Perkins appears in court, will his line of defence be that the International Harvester Company is not a Trust, that it does not represent monopoly, and that it has, in fact, encouraged competition—this being the latest ingenious argument in behalf of industrial combinations; or will Mr. Perkins exhibit the courage of his convictions and fight the Government's suit on the theory that the age of competition is dead and that coöperation has come to stay? This is the inconsistency observable in the usual procedure of Big Business in the face of Government prosecution. Out of court the Trust advocates never tire of inveighing against the outworn, mediæval theory of competition in contrast with the new and "inevitable" law of combination. In court, they usually argue that there is no such thing as monopoly, and that equality of opportunity in business flourishes under the stimulus of scientific coöperation; coöperation being that principle of business by which George W. Perkins, instead of competing with his rivals, works harmoniously with himself.

Wisconsin has issued its first life insurance policy, and hence has actually begun the experiment of State life insurance in this country. The law providing for it was passed in 1911. It issues seven different kinds of policies,

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but at present they are limited to a maximum of $1,000. When two thousand policies have been issued, the amount will be raised to $2,000; and when three thousand have been issued, it will be increased to $3,000, which is the limit under the law as it stands. Premiums may be paid monthly, and profits are eventually to be returned to policyholders. Care has been taken to keep down the cost of operating the system. No paid agents are employed, but applications will be received by city, town, and county clerks and treasurers, officials in banks that receive State deposits, and State factory inspectors. No new offices have been created in connection with the plan. State insurance is not a new thing for Wisconsin, as it began to insure its public buildings, including those of the University, in 1903. The burning of the Capitol in 1905 left a deficit in the insurance fund of $190,000, but the State stuck to the system, and the accumulations in the fund since then have wiped out the deficit.

There is so much debate about mothers' pensions that the first definite report on the Oregon law will be of interest. Four months' operation has produced certain unexpected results. The first is the encouragement to fraud, 50 per cent. of the applications having been refused. "In many cases," according to the local investigators, "perjury has been committed, and false affidavits as to financial status made." On the other hand, deserving widows have shrunk from the publicity of asking State aid. "In the mass of inquiries confronting the pension officers it has been felt that there may be many needy and proud mothers whose wants are not even known." But a graver fault is attendant upon the stoppage of the old local aid within struggling families. Says the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer:*

> The law has filled the children's homes very nearly to capacity through the giving up to institutional charge of the children of unsuccessful applicants. Prior to the taking effect of the law, mothers made every effort to hold the children of the family together. When it was discovered that absolute penury is a condition precedent to the granting of a pension, families began to break up.

If not characteristic faults, these may at least be said to be fundamental difficulties in a scheme the objects of which all applaud. The scope of the Oregon law may be gathered from the fact that in the average county are 60 pensioners, costing $1,200 monthly, and that the State outlay for the year is estimated at $300,000.

Christabel Pankhurst is a resident of Paris, but in spirit and tone she is a citizen of New York. Can anything be more typically native than Miss Pankhurst's explanation of the criticism that has been stirred in this city by the nature of some of the articles in the *Suffragette?* It is all very simple, according to Miss Pankhurst:

> In New York, vice is organized, blatant, and powerful. There vice is a huge business. The people concerned in it believe the articles in the *Suffragette* are bad for the trade. These interests are now alarmed, and from the tone of some of the articles appearing, I believe a portion of the press is subsidized.

What is Christabel doing in Paris? Her place is in New York, where every protest against the exploitation of filth in the theatre obviously emanates from some one interested in the maintenance of white slavery; where every person who has his doubts about sex-hygiene in the public schools is directly interested in the perpetuation of the social evil; where every exception taken to the wild statistics of the would-be world-reformers is obviously dictated by personal interest in the maintenance of child labor, infant mortality, and tuberculosis in the tenements; where every one in general who disagrees with you is either vicious or subsidized. The slogan of the up-to-date crusader is no longer, "Whoever is not for me is against me," but, "Whoever is not for me is in the pay of the Tenderloin."

The bill to end the regency in Bavaria, and to permit the present Regent to proclaim himself King, has passed the lower house of the Bavarian Parliament by a vote of 122 to 27, two Democrats joining the twenty-five Socialists in the opposition. As the upper house has already sanctioned the measure, the termination of the reign of the crazy King Otto is at hand. That has lasted since June 13, 1886, when the tragic end of King Ludwig took place in the lake of Starnberg. The old Prince Regent, whose death occurred last year, was bitterly opposed to taking the royal title; not only thrice, but many more times, did he refuse the crown. The present Prince Regent has from the first been ready to have the title bestowed upon him, and as he is now nearly sixty-nine years of age, he was indisposed to have any delay interposed. While Bavaria can hardly be said to have suffered by the regency, it has involved much circumlocution and unnecessary expense. Curiously enough, the Regent for whom this Constitutional change is so cheerfully made is by no means as popular as his father, who would not accept the honor.

"Shortage of food and fuel," "general strike," "privations for the poorer classes"—these phrases occur in a dispatch, not from Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, nor yet from England or Belgium, but from New Zealand. A bitter struggle is going on there between the employers and the Federation of Labor. The Compulsory Arbitration and Conciliation Act was passed eleven years ago, and has doubtless been very effective in the prevention of strikes and lockouts; but it appears that the designation of New Zealand as a "land without strikes" was somewhat premature. As for the "poorer classes," who have been brought so quickly face to face with serious privations, we were almost led, not many years ago, to conclude that nothing answering to that description continued to exist in New Zealand after the labor party got control of affairs. New Zealand, like some of our Pacific Coast States, is indeed, as it has been called, a political experiment station, and the experiences of these communities will yield valuable instruction. But even in a laboratory of physical science it is usually necessary to experiment for a long time, to make all sorts of tests for verification and the elimination of chance factors, before one can arrive at a trustworthy conclusion. To clamor for the adoption of the single tax, or the initiative and referendum, here in New York, because of results alleged to have been shown by a few years' experience in Saskatchewan or New Zealand, is childish. A far more extensive experience would be needed to give force to such an argument, even if there were no other defect in it; but there is besides the question to what extent the facts alleged as to these distant places may be due to the advantages they possess in the shape of great undeveloped areas open to exploitation by a small population.

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SANITY AND WORLD-BETTERMENT.

"The American mothers are unable to nurse their children for the necessary nine months. This is the cause of all the infant mortality we hear so much about." We find this in the report, in a Chicago newspaper, of the first of a series of lectures on sex hygiene which are given, for the benefit of fathers and mothers, in the public school buildings of that city. There are a number of sober and sensible things in the lecture. There are a number of other things which, like the part we have quoted, exhibit that taint of rash irresponsibility which mars a good deal of the very recent agitation for world-betterment. When the lecturer spoke of "the infant mortality we hear so much about," the mothers who hung upon her words could put but one significance upon what she was saying—that infant mortality is on the increase, and that this increase is due to our modern conditions. But what we actually "hear so much about" in the writings of health authorities on infant mortality is that the infantile death-rate ought to be cut down far below what it is, not because it is higher than it used to be, but for precisely the opposite reason. It is because infant mortality has been so decidedly reduced by modern effort that hygienists are able to insist on the practical duty of reducing it still more.

A certain amount of exaggeration, and especially of exaggerated emphasis, is to be expected in all reform movements. But the thing that we have in mind, which is encountered on all sides these days, and of which the assertion we have cited is a small but convenient example, involves something more than exaggeration. The state of mind behind it is something very different from the justifiable over-enthusiasm of the reformer. It amounts to little less than sheer irresponsibility, and it not infrequently betrays a want of fundamental soundness which, for lack of a better term, must be classed as a moral rather than an intellectual defect. It is a state of mind of which Felix Adler, in a recent address, discussed a number of significant illustrations. "Those," he said, "who seek, and we admit earnestly and sincerely seek, to promote the moral improvement of mankind are often themselves unwittingly sowing the seeds of moral evil." His instances were drawn from many sides—ranging from the moral confusion that has been shown in the case of Sulzer to that exhibited by a prominent social worker who, in connection with the minimum-wage agitation, declared that she regarded it an open question whether a girl was not justified in choosing a life of shame rather than struggle to get along with inadequate wages. He found an illustration of essentially the same false vision in the attitude of tnose who, having awakened to the fact that the country has suffered from fetich-worship of the Constitution, are ready to plunge into the opposite extreme, to deify the mother-wit of the masses and scorn the teachings of experience. And, in another way, the crude proposals of popular eugenics were held up as illustrating forgetfulness of the deepest and most precious elements of human life.

To the voice of sober criticism we are quite aware that the exponents of easy-going world-betterment have a ready answer. To find fault with them, to expose either the dangers of their proposals or the looseness of their assertions or the audacity of their arguments, is to write one's self down a reactionary. It is no doubt true that opposition to proposals of social-betterment often does rest on mere narrowness or obstinacy. But to put that brand on all conservative judgment, all careful thinking, is to exhibit once again the very quality of which we have been speaking. A man may be a sincere advocate of and worker for progress, yet be thoroughly impressed with the knowledge that the world was not made yesterday. When confronted with the proposal that the regulation of child labor should be made the business of the national Government, on the ground that conditions are getting desperate, it is not standpatism, but simply truth and soberness, to point out that, so far from conditions being desperate, remarkably rapid progress has been made in the matter without national interposition. When told that without the initiative and referendum nothing can be accomplished for the people against the wicked moneyed interests, it is merely sanity, not obstructionism, to point to things like the growth of effective control of public-service corporations in the principal States and in the nation, the smooth and rapid course of the comprehensive and radical factory legislation enacted in New York, the progress of the workmen's-compensation movement, the adoption of the income-tax amendment to the United States Constitution.

There is no institution of mankind, whether social or political, which cannot be shown to fall sadly short of ideal perfection in practice. It is easy to prove that marriage is a failure, that parental authority is a curse, that punishment of criminals causes crime, that respect for the law breeds injustice, that education stifles originality, that private property and the competitive system cause want and misery. All you have to do is to fix your mind on the cases in which these things are true, and refuse to balance them against those of the opposite kind, or to consider what evils are threatened by the alternatives. And to this must be added the more special, but still extremely important, confusion of thought to which irresponsible reformers are so generally addicted—the substitution of the assertion that an evil is growing worse for the mere assertion that the evil exists. Whether infant mortality is increasing or diminishing, whether conditions in our city tenements are worse or better than they were forty years ago, may be all one to the muckraker or the sentimental agitator; but to the sane thinker it makes all the difference between a case and no case for the advocates of rash or revolutionary remedies.

DETECTING THE DETECTAPHONE.

The use—and abuse—of the dectectaphone in the New York campaign has been such as to raise many queries. One of them relates to the morality of the whole procedure, as employed in politics, and in the case of men not suspected of being criminals. The historically-minded may well ask if we are not seeing the revival, in a modern democracy, of a method made abhorrent by ancient tyranny and oppression. Is not the detectaphone in an Executive office an artifice worthy of a Dionysius? Does it not remind one of an eavesdropping Grand Inquisitor? Yet what we all set down as an act of suspicion and cruelty in one age, some of us are ready to acclaim as one of the finest instruments ever invented for eliciting the truth.

But does it elicit the truth? This is a point more important than the other. In a mechanical age, it is easy to in-

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duce people to believe that a piece of machinery is the best aid we have in sifting the true from the false. Wires and membranes cannot lie. Automatic records are more trustworthy than human testimony. Mechanism is surer than mind. But all such glib and comfortable assurances, easy as it is for the unthinking to swallow them whole, need to be examined. It is necessary to know, first of all, something about the mechanic as well as the mechanism. Proof by photography used to be thought infallible. But photographs can be faked. Dr. Cook had a photograph of the North Pole and also of the summit of Mt. McKinley, neither of which he ever saw. And it would appear that the detectaphone can be "doctored"—or, at least, directed. If left to work with mechanical accuracy, it yet cannot guard, more successfully than the telephone, against impersonations. We had last week the alleged record by detectaphone of a conversation between Sulzer and Delaney. The latter at once affirmed that it was forged; that if any conversation of the sort ever occurred, it must have been taken part in by somebody pretending to be Delaney; and then he added one convincing point. The record as given made Sulzer ask only a few brief questions. At the actual interview between them, Delaney affirmed, Sulzer talked an hour. This is a fine touch of verisimilitude. Sulzer was always talking an hour. If the detectaphone did not show this, then it was a lying spirit.

What we would urge is merely the folly of abdicating human reason in the presence of a machine. There is no mechanical road to the truth and nothing but the truth. In judging any kind of evidence, whether it comes from the lips of men or from films and registers, we simply have got to stick to what we know of probability and what we know of human nature. Some things are flatly incredible, even if a machine ticks them off to us. A sagacious mind will insist that a machine can get out of order, or be bedevilled, easier than the great maxims of human conduct can all be shattered. It is not a question of refusing to believe one's eyes or ears; it is simply the rational attitude of maintaining that when the eye or ear seems to report a huge improbability, it is necessary to scrutinize closely the apparatus—or its operator—by means of which we get the impression. Even in a detectaphone, things may not be what they seem!

Take the matter of some of the conversations which Sulzer alleges to have passed between himself and Judge McCall. The hint is given that, if their accuracy were challenged, a confirmation by detectaphone might be forthcoming. But a thousand detectaphones could not make a man in his senses believe that McCall ever used to Sulzer the language which the latter pretends to repeat. "Never mind the taxpayers," McCall is said to have urged the Governor. "If you will stop Hennessy and quit investigating graft, everything will be all right." There was much more of the sort. But Judge McCall was quite right in saying that it was needless for him to deny that he had ever uttered such words. It is not a question of character or of motive. Men simply do not talk in that way. If a machine says they do, then the machine lies. If that be libel, let the machine make the most of it—and sue!

Human credulity is, we know, almost boundless, but that is only a reason for resisting every attempt to impose upon it. And against these mechanical attempts we ought especially to be on our guard, since they are so insidious in an age which almost deifies machinery. There is no way of substituting anything for the human intellect as the final judge of what is true. All the aids and devices that can be invented are to be welcomed, but what they are able to furnish is, after all, only so much more evidence. And that evidence, with all the rest, has to be weighed and sifted by the mind.

AN OLD BUT DISAPPEARING TYPE.

There was buried on Sunday a man of great riches and great folly, dead at thirty-seven. His end was undoubtedly hastened by excesses, though these were not all of the vulgar, roistering kind. It was a case, rather, of temperamental debauchery, an entirely perverse and mistaken attitude towards life. His coming into control of millions of money went to his head. He could think of nothing but speed and glitter and splurge. For him travel must mean special trains breaking the record. The thing to do was to toss the waiter a $1,000 bill and tell him to keep the change. Son of a Stock Exchange "plunger," his sole idea seemed to be to make of life one prolonged plunge. Plenty of lights and a continual parade were closely bound up with his notion of human happiness. He ostentatiously took for his motto: "A short life but a merry one."

It was certainly short, but was it merry? Putting the matter merely on the ground of the "fun" to be got out of life, did not this man make a sad mess of his opportunities? Reckless prodigality and riotous living are often preached against and condemned as sinful, and so they are. But mere reproach on moral or religious grounds, or reminders of the fearful looking for of judgment which at times must haunt the sinner, cannot strike home as does the very spectacle of a mad career defeating itself and carrying its own punishment along with it day by day. With many, we think, a more powerful appeal could be made on the score of stupidity and futility than on that of wickedness alone. The argument underlies President Eliot's address on "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." Satisfactions may be sought, and pleasures, but they ought to be of the sort that go on mounting from year to year, and do not burn out miserably to the socket. What punishment of habitual sins could be more severe than the satiety which dogs them? A giddy youth cannot get flown with wine more than so many times; he cannot very long find exhilaration in lighting cigarettes with $100 bills; his most wild and foolish inventions in the way of indulgence and revelry soon pall upon him. An immense weariness inevitably descends upon him, and the moments recur oftener when he turns with something like loathing from the devices to which he has resorted in order to make his jaded sensibilities vibrate, with the mournful confession, "I have no pleasure in them." And often, as in the instance referred to, just as the period has been reached when plans should be maturing and the outlook for durable satisfactions broadened, the furies come and slit the thin-spun thread of life.

The rake is an old type. If we have the poor always with us, so we seem to have the gilded fool. But there is some comfort in the thought that the type is, on the whole, disappearing. Especially in this country has the placing of large wealth in the hands of a young man ceased to mean the almost inevitable

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moral degeneration which was once thought of as the general rule. It is not so much an access of virtue which is responsible for the change, as an access of good sense, with improved social standards and new convictions of public duty. It is no longer "good form" to be a harum-scarum debauchee. Instead of being thought amusing, he is regarded as disgusting. And there is a gain in the very fact of being more accustomed to large fortunes. Our society is steadier about them now. They do not so frequently intoxicate youth coming into their possession. It would be possible to name a considerable number of young men, with a great deal of money at their disposal, who are among the most sober-minded of citizens, and who give their time and money to civic duties. If the old type of *jeunesse dorée* still lingers, with its warnings, the new type of steady-going and useful young millionaire is all the time becoming more abundant.

Fashion, even in morals, is a great thing to have on the right side; and in the matter of which we are speaking there can be no doubt that the fashion is better than it used to be. What we have still to contend against is a kind of surviving tradition in favor of the flamboyant young "spender." He is pictured as somehow far more genial than his opposite. Clive Newcome is pitted against Barnes. But we are coming to see the fallacy of all this. To be a "good fellow" does not necessarily imply that a rich young man must necessarily be a great fool. There can be as much real joy of life in the long and interested pursuit of some object worthy of human intelligence as in devotion to things that perish with the using. And the world is happily awaking to the need, in the face of all the discontent and political peril which the sight of misemployed wealth provokes, of insisting that *richesse*, too, *oblige*.

SOME SHIPPING PROBLEMS.

The passage by the Senate last Friday of Senator La Follette's bill for promoting safety at sea, and for improving the conditions of service of American sailors, abolishing arrest and imprisonment as a penalty for desertion, has been heralded as a long step towards making the ocean more attractive for young Americans. If the bill becomes a law, every one must hope that it will achieve the ends sought. There are those, however, who insist, from the shipowner's point of view, that the bill will hinder the long-deferred revival of our shipping. Mr. Robert Dollar, of San Francisco, to whose articles on the ocean-carrying problem we have already referred, declares that Senator La Follette's measure is "the most vicious and bad bill that has ever been aimed at our shipping." Whatever allowances must be made for such words, because of Mr. Dollar's personal interest as an owner, the fact remains that the readjustments called for by the bill, whether justified or not, will further handicap American ships in their competition with foreign vessels, by increasing the cost of operation.

Mr. Dollar's opinions are unusually weighty, for several reasons. He is sailing his steamers under the English and American flags, side by side, in the same trade, and is, therefore, able to give exact figures as to comparative costs. He is avowedly eager to have the service conditions of seamen improved, and he is absolutely opposed to subsidies from the Treasury of the nation. As to the latter, he expresses his views in the following vigorous language:

> To our Congressmen I cannot help repeating what I have said on many occasions. The shipowners want none of your subsidies or assistance of any kind or description. We have given up going to you as beggars, with our hats in our hands, and now tell you to give us no advantage of any kind whatever, but we demand that you put us on exactly the same footing as other nations put their shipowners; namely, permit us to buy our ships where we can get them cheapest, and to operate them under the same conditions as our foreign competitors are doing, and give us no better terms than they enjoy of any kind or description. The American shipowners will do the rest and give our country an American merchant marine worthy of the name.

Care in framing any legislation is further dictated by the fact that two of the three recent happenings of serious import to our merchant marine have resulted only in discouragement. Thus, when Congress made it possible to purchase ships abroad and obtain an American registry for them, it was believed that much of the 2,000,000 tonnage under foreign flags now owned by Americans would promptly hoist the Stars and Stripes. Not a single vessel has, however, availed itself of this legislation—the remedy upon which President Cleveland laid such stress in the eighties. Again, the Panama Canal is on the verge of completion, yet, despite the glowing prophecies of high officialdom, our shipyards are not teeming with orders for new vessels to use it. While there has been some talk of new lines, it has chiefly related to foreign vessels, and little or nothing has been done on this side of the ocean. Where is that wonderful trade to come from of which Mr. Wilson spoke on Monday of last week? Mr. Dollar declares that there is not one vessel in the great lumber-carrying trade of the Northwest which is large enough to make a profitable voyage with lumber from San Francisco to New York by way of the Canal. The length of the voyage necessitates big ships. There are only six American passenger steamers running to the Orient from our Pacific Coast, and, under the law, as they are owned by railways, they cannot use the Canal.

Obviously, if that new waterway is to have any great effect in building up our merchant marine, it must needs be a matter of slow growth. It cannot overcome the handicaps which Mr. Dollar holds responsible for the prostration of our shipping. He is equally skeptical as to the effect of the 5 per cent. rebate to American ships in the Underwood tariff. This he declares "is a joke and makes shipowners smile"; for it will only "in the slightest degree equalize the excessive cost of building and operating American ships as compared with foreign ships." The two millions of gross tons of American-owned foreign ships go profitably under foreign flags. The question, then, is how can they be assured the same profit under our flag? Is this possible, with due regard for humanitarian conditions and safety at sea? The question deserves most careful study and calls for a revision of our laws, not in piecemeal style, but as a whole. Mr. Dollar itemizes several governmental handicaps which the Secretary of Commerce ought to be able to mitigate or do away with altogether. Mr. Steven B. Ayres, lately Congressman from New York, thinks we should have a Commerce Commission to prevent rebating, and to exclude from our ports foreign ships guilty of this or of being part of any combination in restraint of trade. This seems to offer but faint hope of filling our shipyards and our harbors with American craft. It emphasizes again, however, the necessity of a prompt and

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far-reaching inquiry into all phases of this difficult but vital problem.

CARD-CATALOGUING THE STAGE.

Theatrical managers have often on their lips the phrase, What the public wants. The layman has not always been convinced that they knew quite what is implied by it. He, poor man, in surveying any theatrical season, has seen little more than an unclassifiable variety of plays. Besides raw, so-called red-blooded, red-lighted pieces, he has observed spectacular phantasies, roaring farces, certain excellent subdued comedies, sometimes with settings as remote as the eighteenth century, with an occasional Shakespeare. He wonders whether popular tastes are sufficiently homogeneous to be embodied in the term "public," and concludes merely that a good play will nearly always go and that a certain number of poor plays contrive to have their runs. He is still sanguine to the extent of believing that the best in human nature can be stirred by the stage, but that, left to itself, the human-natured public will not always select the best.

But it now appears that the layman has been all wrong. While he has been groping, the theatrical manager has been employing such a scientific device as the card catalogue. Mr. George Cohan in the current *McClure's* has divided emotions felt by an audience into three large classes: tears, laughs, and thrills; and enumerates well-known managerial tricks to produce each. Some of the leading "tear-getters," to use his matter-of-fact phrase, are the following: "A child in a nightie saying his 'Now I lay me'"; "a little child dying on the stage"; "any love-scene played in the moonlight"; "an errant woman at bay and crying out, 'I am not a bad woman'"; "a lost child returned to its mother"; "a character laboring under great sorrow with a smile on his face." Nearly all these details are documented by reference to recent successful plays.

The "laughs" are too well known to need citing; most of them are varieties of slap-stick humor. The writer reckons, for instance, that "Mr. Field's favorite trick of poking his forefinger periodically in Mr. Weber's eye is worth a large fortune." But the layman will be surprised to learn of some of the ingenuous ways by which "thrills" are produced. Sometimes a pistol which has no part in the action is kept in sight to help along a dull scene, or the stage is darkened without logical reason, simply to create an effect of ominousness. In such a scene it is well to have a man carrying a lantern, because a human being's shadow on the wall never fails to thrill. Oddly enough, the indication of mere lapse of time has an exciting effect; that is the reason for the frequent use of a loud-ticking clock.

Other theatrical managers have attempted to explain the art of present-day drama, but we recall no such candid exposé as this. We suspect, however, that there is much more which has not been told, and that plans are making to consult the public even further. It is well enough to know what will make people laugh or weep, but what of the persons who hate above all things to shed a tear in public? What of others who laugh and then are ashamed to think of what has caused their merriment? "One character steps on the sore foot of another character, causing the latter to jump with pain"—what decorous lady cares to be caught in the act of shouting for glee over that? In some way the card catalogue must consult the public on these matters. Since moving audiences is a cold-blooded "proposition," nothing which will serve their convenience is too calculating. A hint might be taken from certain periodicals which in a preface explain to a reader how he should feel towards the story which follows. At least there could be an indication in advance precisely when the tears, laughs, and thrills were to be expected, that the audience might be properly braced for them; the stated times in conjunction with the ticking clock would, besides, be most effective.

The persons who will profit most by Mr. Cohan's revelations are, of course, the budding playwrights. To them these will be what the rhyming dictionary is to the aspiring poet, and much more. Let them remember that Shakespeare himself was economical, and was glad to borrow good old standbys. Knowing that a ghost was a "thriller," he promptly put one in "Hamlet"; only, the ghost, unlike the "pistol," really has something to do with the play. But our looser requirements make it much easier for the writer. Dramatic conscience is all right so long as the public desires it, yet what purpose will it serve if, just when the central character is developing into the quiet resignation which the theme demands, the audience is waiting anxiously for the smash of a flying water pitcher?

Mr. Cohan has at least furnished the explanation of a modern trait of the drama. It requires no more than a quarter-century of retrospect to see that the great run of plays to-day are a jumble of incoherent incidents. Even the lighter plays and musical comedies once had a definite fabric. "The Old Homestead," "Pinafore," "Robin Hood" reveal a conscience, with adherence to a central theme. The tripod and cauldron figure in "Robin Hood" because men must eat, not because at that point the public thought that a fire on the stage would look pretty. It is just possible that human nature has not changed much since those days, and that an audience would still be quite content to have even comic plays hold together. In that case the manager's card catalogue is an index simply of the things which have recently had some success on the stage, not of what might be successful. No embryonic Gilbert now living need despair.

STAMP-COLLECTING.

The grand prize trophy awarded at the International Philatelic Exhibition last Thursday evening was a bronze figure of Diana. Doubtless the goddess would be as astonished as pleased at this latest tribute to her, and yet what could be a more fitting symbol of the successful stamp-collector than an image of the patroness of hunting? Nor need even a resident of Olympus feel any humiliation in this association. Stamp-collecting is only a hobby, it is true, but how many other hobbies are honored with learned disquisitions in the encyclopædias? This is all the more notable when the youthfulness of the pursuit is considered. There is no ancient smell about stamp-collecting. Collectors of rare books may boast that their hobby goes back at least as far as the time of Henry VIII, but stamps are not only a modern, but a late invention. The first British penny and two-penny stamps were not issued until 1840. Here, however, the superior keenness of the stamp-collector's genius showed itself. Books, even printed books, were half a century old before any one bethought

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himself of the delight of preserving the choicest of them for any purpose beyond that of merely reading them, and the idea might not have occurred to anybody then if a monarch had not strongly aided in its inception by wrecking the monasteries where they were chiefly to be found. But stamp-collecting began almost as soon as there were stamps to collect.

No less than three great British institutions lent their aid in the inauguration of this very modern hobby. It was an official of the British Museum who won the distinction of being actually the first to collect the new objects; the *Times* opened its columns as early as 1841 for an advertisement asking for gifts of cancelled stamps for a young lady; and the following year the new hobby was ridiculed in *Punch*. Under such auspices, the speedy establishment of the new interest as one of the most serious occupations in which man can engage was certain. Only twenty years after the gifts of cancelled stamps were sought for the young Englishwoman, Strasburg, then a French city, published a catalogue of stamps issued up to that time. Forty years more, and the overburdened collectors were considering the formation of a universal union in order "to discourage unnecessary or speculative issues." For by this time, the pursuit had gone such lengths that specialization had to be resorted to. As a scholar nowadays may limit himself to the genitive case in Anglo-Saxon literature, and his pupils confine themselves to the subjective genitive in the Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle," so most stamp-collectors were soon compelled to restrict their efforts to the issues of one country, or to some related but narrower interest, such as postcards or newspaper-wrappers.

Yet, no matter how small the field which the stamp-collector finally admits to himself is all that he can attempt, this element of completeness constitutes its glory over that of any other hobby to which his friends may be devoting their energy. For what is a stamp but a stamp? If it happens to be a work of art, or the opposite, or to be of an odd shape, this circumstance may add to its appeal to the eye, but that is all. Its place in the precious album is fixed, not by intrinsic value or artistic merit, but solely by the fact that its absence would leave a vacant space in the series to which it belongs. To some extent, this consideration applies to other collecting hobbies, but with two important qualifications. One is that indicated by the words, "to some extent." The other is of a more profound character. Whoever collects books, however ignorant or indifferent he may be regarding their contents, is reminded now and then that they once served, and quite possibly still serve, a higher purpose than that for which he desires them.

From such extraneous interests the stamp-collector is free. As he gazes with awe upon the one known copy of the one-cent stamp of the 1856 issue of British Guiana, his soul thrills with joy. He may be utterly oblivious to the shape, size, color, or decoration of the bit of paper before him. Its mere presence satisfies him. His album will never hold the priceless issue, but it is here, and that is enough. The heedless world has not lost it. Is there any other pursuit in life which is so absolutely detached from considerations of intrinsic worth? Collectors of gavels and canes and inkstands may protest that their affection is as pure, but their claims will not bear the slightest investigation. These objects were made to endure, and, though they have been raised beyond their expectations to the class of collected things, they are capable of use yet, if occasion require. But a stamp, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the cancelling machine, what hold has it upon immortality except just this, that it has lived?

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

Among the German writers whose fiftieth birthday gave rise to appreciative articles "Otto Ernst" is not a stranger to America, where his "Flachsmann als Erzieher" has been played and his autobiographical novel, "Asmus Sempers Jugendland," has had not a few readers. Ottomar Enking, in a sympathetic study, "Otto Ernst und sein Schaffen" (Leipzig: L. Staackmann), reviews the author's development (in life he is Ernst Schmidt) as suggested in that novel, and comments on the stately number of books of verse, drama, and fiction that bear his name. He does not belong to the vanguard of revolutionary Young Germany. During that storm-and-stress period he was absorbed in teaching and proselyting for a broader conception of the German "Volksschulideal." He wrote and lectured in favor of an æsthetic education, which, though indicated by Schiller, had been completely lost sight of; and he entitled one of his treatises "The Renaissance of Pedagogy." Ernst Schmidt the teacher is the best interpreter of Otto Ernst the writer. For though neither his plays nor his stories have a distinct Tendenz, they all hold a message and have a strong ethical quality.

The latest book by Otto Ernst himself, "Aus meinem Sommergarten" (L. Staackmann), is a remarkable specimen of his wisdom and humor. In these talks with his readers he treats a variety of homely topics: the follies of fashion and the vagaries of social etiquette, the relation between parents and children, the pleasant and unpleasant sides of summer travel, etc. But the most delightful papers in the book are those in which he seems to draw upon his experiences with children. In all these glimpses of child souls and pictures of child life there is a refreshing spontaneity. Ernst's prose is simple; it does not partake of the stylistic extravagances which frequently offend good taste and judgment in the writings of the younger men. Though he has no special creed to promulgate, he offers an abundance of suggestion.

Dr. Max Kemmerich, whose book, "Zur Geschichte der menschlichen Dummheit," attracted a great deal of attention, has published another volume of studies along similar lines, "Prophezeihungen: alter Aberglaube oder neue Wahrheit?" (Munich: Albert Langen). He has earned for himself a unique place in the German book-world, for his knowledge of the history, folklore, and religions of mankind is amazing, and his impartial attitude in the quest for truth is admirable. In a previous work he had collected data showing the range and the power of popular superstitions; in this book he produces abundant proof that there are "superstitions" with a grain of truth that can be verified by science. Among them is the gift of prophecy, not so long ago absolutely denied and now admitted to exist, though the inferences it suggests will not be applied to our reading of life until many more decades have passed. He closes his preface with a plea, not for faith in his statements, but for doubt; for doubt, as he understands it, is not satisfied with criticism of individual facts, nor stops with hypotheses, theories, or dogmas. Excluding all prophecies which through numerous revisions and modifications of their original form have lost their trustworthiness, he passes in review the prophets of antiquity, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, and analyzes some remarkable examples from the Middle Ages and more recent times. About two hundred pages of the volume are taken up by well-substantiated reports of individual cases of historical importance. Such is the prophecy of an abbot in the convent of

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Lehnin concerning the fate of the house of Brandenburg, of another seer who foretold the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, of Christian Hering of Saxony, who predicted the political events in Germany in the latter half of the eighteenth century; of Johann Adam Müller, who warned the King of Prussia of the Napoleonic menace, of Cazotte's vision of the French Revolution, and others. The final chapter deals with the relations of science and prophecy.

The literary life of Austria is so curiously centralized in Vienna that one rarely thinks of writers, publishers, and magazines in other cities of the Hapsburg empire. Yet Budapest has a dozen writers, like the Orientalist Bacher, the polylingual translator Wechsler, the historian and journalist Stern, the essayist Georg von Lukacs, and the clever contributor to *Simplicissimus*, Frau Marie Liebermann, known under the pseudonym "M. Roda Roda"; Graz has Peter Rosegger, Wilhelm Fischer, and Rudolf Hans Bartsch; Prague has August Sauer, Friedrich Adler, and Hugo Salus; Salzburg has Prince Wrede, Dora Hohlfeld, who, although of Wesphalian origin, is of Pan-German significance, and Hermann Bahr. Recently Innsbruck has come in for its share of literary activity as the home of a new magazine and a publishing house, *Der Brenner* and "Brenner-Verlag," which attract independents and secessionists from various standards, yet preserve a wholesome reverence for the masters of the past. Among the books published by the Brenner-Verlag that have aroused attention are two volumes of essays by Carl Dallago, "Philister" and "Otto Weininger und sein Werk," which have been highly commended for their impersonal philosophical spirit. Dallago is one of three authors whose names appear on the title-page of "Studien über Karl Kraus," the others being Ludwig von Ficker and Karl Borromäus Heinrich, one of the editors of *Simplicissimus*. The subject of these studies is a much-disputed figure in the literary world of Vienna, where he has long fought journalistic corruption and other abuses, and a writer highly appreciated as an ethical force in German letters by men whose judgment is not biassed by local prejudices. Dallago calls Kraus an "anti-intellectual," aflame with just wrath against the spirit of trade and barter which is no longer a characteristic of his race, the Jews, but of modern society, regardless of race. He recognizes a boundless human kindness as the fundamental quality of the character of Kraus, but a kindness which, when trodden upon, changes into hardness. He sees evidences of this in the style of Kraus, which could not be as polished as it is, were it not so hard. Dallago gives the outsider a key to the position of Kraus in the literature of Austria and Germany by quoting this passage from one of his writings:

Wehe der Zeit, in welcher Kunst die Erde nicht unsicher macht und vor dem Abgrund, der den Künstler vom Menschen trennt, dem Künstler schwindlig wird und nicht dem Menschen.

Wilhelm Bölsche, who has traced for us the line of evolution from the bacillus to primeval man, unravelled the mysteries of love-life in nature, and told us the secrets of the star-world in graceful prose, has just published a new book. It derives its title "Stirb und Werde" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs) from Goethe's

> Und so lang Du das nicht hast,
> Dieses Stirb und Werde,
> Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
> Auf der dunklen Erde.

In the initial paper on the colors of the primeval world, he conjures before the reader's eye the survivors of the past or their descendants among the Saurians in the tropics. There are suggestive perspectives into the mimicry of nature, glimpses of the work of Luther Burbank, and reminiscences of the superstitious fossil-lore current among savage tribes and seriously believed by scientists only a century ago. The next paper deals with "moldavite," a puzzling glass-like mineral, which was referred to by Goethe and has since been recognized to be of celestial origin, having come down in a shower of meteors during the tertiary period. A chapter on the riddle of life begins with the experiments of Jacques Loeb and deals largely with the theories of Svante Arrhenius about the wanderings of life germs in the universe. A delightful paper, entitled "Kunckel mein Ahnherr," tells of a maternal ancestor of Bölsche, to whom the Pfaueninsel near Potsdam was given by the Great Elector in expectation of the services which the pseudo-scientist was to render the sovereign. For in this beautiful spot Kunckel conducted those alchemistic experiments which ended in bankruptcy, when the results turned out to be little more than bits of broken glass!

Helene Voigt-Diederichs has for many years been in the foremost rank of the women who are writing German poetry. Now she appears as the author of a slim volume of travel, "Wandertage in England" (Albert Langen), which as appropriate frontispiece contains a reproduction of Whistler's Chelsea Fishermen. It is an unpretentious book of random personal impressions, but it suggests a well-informed and finely receptive mind and a broad conception of life.

An interesting contribution to Goethe literature is "Frau Barbara Schulthess," by Gustav von Schulthess-Rechberg (Zürich: Schulthess & Co.). For in the circle of fair and clever women that entered into the life of Goethe, this Swiss matron deserves a prominent place, since it was in her house that the original manuscript of "Wilhelm Meister" was discovered some years ago, as also the "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," which Goethe had written in sight of the Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen. Numerous letters from Frau Schulthess have been published in the Goethe Jahrbuch and have directed the attention of Goethe scholars to her remarkable personality. She was a sympathetic friend and faithful patron of Lavater, when he was pastor of St. Peter's Church in Zürich and an eccentric rather difficult in intercourse. Lavater's frequent reference to Frau Schulthess in his letters to Goethe led to a correspondence between her and the latter which soon acquired a degree of friendly intimacy. They met during Goethe's Swiss voyage in 1775 at the house of Lavater, and Goethe paid a high compliment to the judgment and the taste of his new friend by sending her copies of almost everything that he wrote in the following twenty years. Frau Schulthess was the type of Swiss common-sense, but she was intellectually and spiritually of finer fibre than the average Swiss woman of her social standing. A woman who could gather about her such people as Zimmermann, F. L. von Stolberg, Miller, Schlosser, the Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, the Duke of Weimar, and keep for many years the friendship of Lavater, Kayser, and Goethe, must indeed have had a rare personality.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The bibliographical history of Thackeray's ballad of "The Three Sailors," or, as it is now more commonly styled, "Little Billee," is fairly well known, but the last word has not yet been said even on that subject.

Thackeray had attained a considerable reputation both as a *littérateur* and as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, art critic, when returning from Cairo he found himself at Rome something of a lion among the British artists in the Eternal City. He was called upon to preside over a festive gathering at Bertini's. The festive character of the proceedings was somewhat impaired by the general discontent over a recent official appointment to the British Academy at Rome, which was highly unpopular in English circles. After a good many grumpy speeches a fresh turn was given by an artist offering to take the bass part in a glee. This was followed by a call for a song from the chair. Titmarsh had to acknowledge his inability to sing, but offered to produce a recitation if a little time were given him for reflection. The result was the ballad of "The Three Sailors," which he recited or chanted in a deep and doleful voice to the great delight of the company. One of the artists present was Samuel Bevan, who has described the scene in his "Sand and Canvas," published in 1849.

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Thackeray was very unwilling that the ballad should appear, but yielded to the insistence of Bevan, who printed it in his book. Its next appearance in print was in 1864 in the *North British Review*, in an article upon Thackeray, and later in the same year Bevan, who had preserved the original manuscript, sent it to the *Autographic Mirror*, where it appeared in facsimile. It is noteworthy that although Thackeray allowed Bevan to publish the verses he did not include them in any edition of his writings which appeared during his lifetime. They were first included in 1869. It is possible that this absence of an authorized edition led to the formation of many versions differing greatly from the original. One of these that was current in Oxford University in the sixties was communicated to me by the late Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, and is printed in the "Papers of the Manchester Literary Club" for 1911. Manuscript copies were also in circulation; and one of these lies before me now. It has been doubled for insertion in the pocket to be produced when needed. And further, for its better preservation, it has been put into a limp binding, such as is often used for music. It varies in several particulars from the received text, perhaps the most interesting being the substitution of the name of Nelson as the Admiral who dispenses such even-handed justice in the last verses. This manuscript has at different periods been decorated by humorous drawings, not destitute of Thackerayan flavor. There is a facsimile in the "Editor's Box" (1880) of a drawing by Thackeray in which Little Billee stands between Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmee.

We may sum up by saying that there are two versions of "Little Billee" showing slight differences, and both vouched for by the author's manuscript, and also a traditional version which departs very far from the original.

A fresh and curious point remains to be considered. M. Gabriel Boissy contributes to *Les Annales* of May 4, 1913, an interesting article on the popular songs of Provence, in which he gives the words and music of several ballads that are current in the country of Frédéric Mistral. Among the specimens of the "période ancienne" is this ballad of "Notre Dame de la Garde," which, in modernized form, reads as follows:

Y a trois vaisseaux dedans Marseille—Qui sont partis pour Malacca.

Après trois nuits passées sur l'eau,—le pain, le vin vint à manquer.

On tira à la courte paille,—pour savoir qui serait mangé.

Quand eurent tiré la courte paille,—au capitaine elle a échu.

"Ah! monte, monte, brave mousse—dessus l'échelle du grand mât."

Quand fut monté dessus l'échelle,—le mousse se mit à pleurer.

"Ah! monte, monte, brave mousse—dedans la hune du grand mât."

Quand fut monté sur la pommelle,—le mousse mit à pleurer.

"Ah! monte, monte, brave mousse—sur la pommelle du grand mât."

Quand fut entré—dedans la cage,—le mousse se se mit à chanter.

"Ah! que chantes-tu, brave mousse,—que ta chanson me fait pleurer? . . ."

"Je vois Toulon, je vois Marseille.—je vois la Seyne et la Ciotat! . . ."

"Nous ferons bâtir une chapelle—dessus la roche de la mer! . . ."

"Tous les ans on y dira messe,—et le mousse la servira."

It is quite clear that we have here a relation of Little Billee, though he has been trained to pious uses. The secular and warlike spirit evident in the British ballad are entirely absent from the French song. Here we have the little middy again the hero of the occasion, although there is no question of eating him. The French captain is prepared for his fate, and only desires so much of a respite as may give him a chance of being saved by proximity to the desired-for land. There are no imputations on the guzzling propensities of any of the sailors, who, indeed, are not even named. Gallic piety is vindicated by a desire to build a chapel in gratitude for rescue from the dangers of the sea. And the little middy instead of serving under a great admiral is to have the distinguished honor of serving a priest in the celebration of the mass.

A fair question for the Thackeray experts to discuss is the precedence to be given to these two youths—the pious French middy or the bold British boy ready to undertake anything, and, no doubt, with self-confidence enough to believe that he can be successful in everything he takes in hand.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

SCIENTIFIC BELL RINGING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent notice by your critic of Walter's "Church Bells of England" contains some statements which fail to do justice to an art cultivated in England for more than two centuries and now practiced there by 30,000 devotees in some 3,000 towers.

It should be appreciated, by musicians at least, that scientific change ringing, designated in your columns as "a most singular sport, quite unknown here," is in reality a distinct branch of music constructed on mathematical formulæ and hence perfect from its inception. This remarkable discovery of producing with certainty on a set of bells all possible permutations, or sequences, of notes served to develop the full capacity and particularly the harmonics of the instruments, and thus awakened at once an interest in bell ringing and casting. The immediate result was that societies, or guilds, were formed for the study of the art, and have since continued to flourish. In England, therefore, as in no other country, there exists an impressive method of giving dignified utterance to occasions of festivity and mourning.

As regards long-continued peal ringing, this is infrequent, and generally restricted to towers detached from dwellings; service ringing at churches is of shorter duration. At St. Paul's Cathedral, for example, the twelve great bells are swung for twenty minutes for morning and afternoon service on Sundays, and a similar custom prevails throughout the island.

So far from being unknown in this country, change ringing has been practiced since colonial days. Thus the silver-toned bells of Christ Church, Boston, imported in 1745 from Rudhall's Gloucester foundry, were rung until the outbreak of the Revolution by a band of which Paul Revere was a member; and years later, in 1825, they played a part in the public reception given to Lafayette. The peals installed in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in 1754, and in Trinity Church, New York, in 1797, were consigned to the care of change ringers. Within the ringing chamber of the Philadelphia steeple, by the way, is preserved a tablet commemorating the achievement of a complete peal of 5,040 changes of Grandsire Triples in the year 1850, conducted by that erudite composer, H. W. Haley; and here to this day the regular religious services are announced by a local band attached to the tower. At Groton School scientific ringing has been systematically taught since the gift to the institution, in 1901, of a set of eight heavy bells; and the exercise is accepted as a substitute for gymnasium work.

To return to Boston, few more proficient associations can be found than the Boston Guild of Change Ringers, qualified by years of constant practice in England to handle bells of all weights, and execute compositions in all standard methods. Though rendering service at present in but three different towers, they have the prospect of adding in the immediate future three belfries to their list. That their music, by appealing to certain temperaments, meets a genuine demand in the community is demonstrated by the frequency of their appointments and the number of admirers attracted to the towers by these aerial orchestras. From the Boston Society of Architects, the American Bankers' Association, and other organizations for which exhibition performances have been given, they have received appreciative testimonials.

Your critic is likewise in error in imagining that swinging bells are more easily manipulated when their gudgeons, or bearings, are lowered by means of a curved yoke from the level of the crown to that of the waist. On the contrary, the effect thus produced is precisely the reverse; and our local founders have been compelled to adopt this method against their better judgment solely to enable the bungling sexton to substitute brute force for the skill which is acquired only by assiduous practice. Experienced ringers know that the suspension of the bell upon the principle of the pendulum reduces to the minimum the friction of movement; increases its velocity of revolution; imparts a light, elastic impact to the clapper upon the soundbow, and augments the propelling power of the sound waves. These factors all combine to produce that superiority of tone which distinguishes a set of bells rung in peal from our more familiar chimes designed for the tapping of hymns and tunes by a single performer. In respect to homogeneous castings and accurate attunement, the products of American founders are unexcelled; but by reason of their faulty hanging and lack of certain essential appurtenances, such as stopstays, sliders, ground shieves, etc., they are unavailable for scientific ringing.

Visitors to belfries are apt to manifest surprise at the moderate muscular force necessary to guide heavy bells, properly equipped, through the maze of an intricate peal. But it is the mental faculties which are chiefly engaged. Hence, the exercise is quite as appropriate for women as tennis, golf, or rowing. Indeed, one society in England is composed exclusively of that sex; and in illustration of their accom-

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plishments it may be added that there has been recently unveiled in Christ Church, Isle of Dogs, a tablet to record a successful peal of 5,040 changes rung in three hours by eight ladies.

There are gratifying signs that this fascinating art which gives free scope to the intellectual faculties, and is also of value from an athletic standpoint, may receive more extended recognition in America. Its introduction would insure a needed reform in the treatment of belfries, and present a novel recreation to those individuals who possess the physical organization requisite for the apprehension of this particular music.

ARTHUR H. NICHOLS.

Boston, October 29.

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of "Middle West" in your issue of October 16 seems to me to make an important contribution to the discussion of the problem of required English in college. It is true that "freshman English" is often entrusted to the teachers of least experience, and it is equally true that satisfactory instruction in that kind and grade of work requires on the part of the instructor unusual skill and considerable knowledge of human nature. The difficulty is not that the instructor in "freshman English" knows too much about English literature or writes too well. The difficulty is usually that he is too young or too inexperienced, or both, to have acquired the tact, sympathy, and judgment necessary to deal successfully with such an intimate subject as composition. There is sometimes a second difficulty—that he has no clear notion as to the aim of the "freshman English" course. He does not realize what kind and degree of excellence he should require of his students. There is probably a third difficulty—that he is not in touch with the best and most progressive thought on methods of teaching composition. There may be even a fourth difficulty—that he is more interested in his own advanced research than in the gropings of the freshman mind and the falterings of the freshman pen.

In view of these difficulties, I have sometimes wondered if the following plan might not better existing conditions. If large schools must employ inexperienced teachers for freshman English, would it not be practical to put over them, as supervisor, a man or a woman of thorough training, of broad experience with men and schools, and of deep sympathies? The prospective young instructor might have a semester's course on aims and methods with this supervisor before he should be permitted to teach at all, and he might teach under careful direction until he should have found himself. The organization of the course and the management of delicate cases should be in the hands of the supervisor. The supervisor should be a person deeply interested in the problems of freshman English, and his time should be given exclusively to that course, as teacher and as director. Under his advice the young instructor could certainly avoid some of the mistakes that provoke such serious criticism.

If I may, I should like to add a few words about another topic much under discussion of late—the scholarship of the English teacher. None of us knows too much; there is not a day of a teacher's life that he does not wish he were wiser, better instructed, and more thoroughly trained. Why, then, these constant flings at young people who aspire to the training sometimes symbolized by the letters Ph.D.? All doctors are not dry-as-dusts, as every one knows who has had the good fortune to meet a fair number of them. No sensible person would contend for a moment that all scholarship is labelled with the Ph.D.; neither ought any sensible person to contend (as some seem to do) that scholarship, whether labelled with the Ph.D. or not, is a worthless and even worse than worthless product. Investigation stands for progress, and the advance of accurate scholarship in America is a matter for national pride. That is recognized abroad if not at home. Moreover, many of our greatest scholars are conspicuously broad, unassuming, sympathetic, and human in spirit, and clear and logical in method. Why be so bitter against a whole class because an occasional member of it fails to attain the high standard set before them? Surely there is nothing in scholarship and accuracy, *per se*, that prevents one's becoming a good teacher.

A TEACHER OF ENGLISH.

Ypsilanti, Mich., October 27.

CHURCH ADVERTISING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is a tendency towards sensational advertising invading some of the Protestant churches? The papers lately brought in news of "a special baseball service" on a recent Sunday evening in one of the Methodist churches in New York city. The minister quoted from Connie Mack and John J. McGraw. Billy Sunday, now an alleged revivalist, wrote a strenuous letter, in the course of which he said: "I'll be working to beat hell all next week, but I'll lay off long enough to look at the scores." The service was attended by some of the famous players, all of whom, it is said, slipped out by a side door after the service to avoid the crowd.

This is quite interesting, and is, perhaps, typical of a tendency in some of the Protestant churches to resort to advertising methods which savor, at least, of moving-picture shows and the bargain counter.

The Protestant churches at present are in none too strong a position. Complaint is made that attendance is falling off, and some congregations bewail the scarcity of men at the services. Is sensationalism and blatant advertising a genuine remedy or merely a quack panacea?

Whatever may be the fundamental errors of the Roman Catholic Church, it nevertheless commands the respect of many Protestants, because, to a marked degree, it maintains an impressive dignity. It does not attempt to be a vaudeville or a circus, a cheap lunch counter, nor yet "a rubber-neck car" for travellers to the celestial city.

The Protestant Church still has splendid opportunities. She is to a marked degree divesting herself of many of the hideous doctrines of the old theology, and, apparently, to some extent is trying to adapt herself to theological conceptions which are both rational and spiritual. There is abundant work for her which can be most successfully undertaken in a quiet, dignified, and gentle spirit. Should not the church be a home, a place where little children are led into ways which are pleasantness and paths which are peace? Should it not furnish refreshment for the weary and a sanctuary for the oppressed? There those who battle in life should find inspiration and hope. There may fitly be spoken the final words of benediction for those who have reached the end of the journey.

The right conception is, I think, embodied in some lines of George Macdonald:

> Oh, holy Sabbath bells!
> Ye have a pleasant voice!
> Through all the land your music swells
> And man with one commandment tells
> To rest and to rejoice.
>
> As thirsty travellers sing,
> Through desert paths that pass,
> To hear the welcome waters spring,
> And see, beyond the spray they fling,
> Tall trees and waving grass,—
>
> So we rejoice to know
> Your melody begun;
> For when our paths are parched below,
> Ye tell us where green pastures glow,
> And living waters run.

CHARLES GIDDINGS.

Great Barrington, Mass., October 30.

MR. MOODY'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent praise of "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody" was, I think, exceptionally welcome in these parts. Only a few days earlier Mr. John Macy, a Socialist with a sprightly pen, discussing Mr. Moody's writings in the literary columns of a Boston newspaper, went out of his way to make a furious attack upon your reviewers. One of them, the late Dr. William Everett, he venomously described as "a dull scholar and a bad orator"; and he called your reviewers in general "a crew of desiccated academics," adding that "to be a member of the crew, the only requirement was, and is, to have one's brain covered with fungus (inedible)." His invective would lead the public to suppose that the *Nation* superciliously discouraged young American poets, and that it had treated Mr. Moody with envious contempt.

Mr. Macy could hardly have chanced upon a more inept proof of his accusation than your criticisms of Mr. Moody. To be sure, the *Nation* in 1899 briefly censured the florid style of Mr. Moody's introduction to an edition of Milton; but upon his really important works it bestowed from the beginning of his career the most cordial praise. As early as 1901, when Mr. Moody was almost unknown, it called attention in two appreciative reviews to his remarkable merits as a poet, and thereby it did much to establish his vogue. Throughout his career it greatly encouraged his lyric talents, and upon his death paid him a noble editorial tribute. Furthermore, we owe the only complete edition of Mr. Moody's works to another "desiccated academic," Prof. John M. Manly, who, like Mr. Moody, labors under what Mr. Macy regards as the fatal handicap of having graduated from Harvard and having taught English at Chicago.

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That Mr. Moody was not at his best as a dramatist, that he created an unnatural character in the hero of "The Great Divide," that his true powers were those of a lyric poet, that his peculiar merit was to interpret lyrically the spirit of his own age—in short, every idea that Mr. Macy emphasizes in his criticism, the *Nation* reviewers arrived at long ago. If those ideas are sound, how did it ever happen that "desiccated academics" excogitated them? If they are "inedible fungus," how do they sprout in the brain of a social revolutionist?

ERNEST BERNBAUM.

Harvard University, November 2.

OPERA IN MUNICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Munich has been getting so much harsh criticism—some of it quite deserved—at the hands of the American musical critics lately that I beg you to allow me to defend it from the charge of having "good second-class opera," which you make in the admirable article "High Music and Plain Americanism," printed September 25. Really it is not as bad as all that, for surely performances of "Siegfried" and "Meistersinger," to cite two examples which I recently heard, with Mr. Knote, Mr. Feinhals, Dr. Kuhn, Edyth Walker, Maud Fay, and Hermine Bosetti, deserve to rank as first class. And in ultra-modern works, such as "Salome" or "Elektra," even the Metropolitan offers nothing better; the orchestra, chorus, and scenery are also of approved excellence. That in French or Italian performances Munich is behind New York goes without saying, but what European city is not? On the other hand, the Mozart operas, except perhaps "The Magic Flute," are better sung and better staged here than anywhere else.

JACQUES MAYER.

Munich, October 17.

Literature

EASTERN EMPIRES.

Empires of the Far East: A Study of Japan and her Colonial Possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the Political Questions of Eastern Asia and the Pacific. By Lancelot Lawton. In two volumes. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $7.50.

Can sixteen hundred printed pages of document and discussion upon Asiatic problems be made entertaining? Mr. Lawton, the London *Telegraph* war correspondent in Japan, has the courage to think so, as is evident in his assembling of materials for an understanding of the political questions confronting the Powers concerned in the future of the Pacific. He has, however, enlarged upon them at such length that the ordinary man will despair of ever finding time to read these sober pages, while the special student is not likely to pay much heed to his personal opinions. To be plain at the outset, his work is too much of a brief to be satisfactory as a book of reference, and too heavily loaded with *pièces justificatives* to stand a chance of popular approval.

Yet there is much in these two bulky volumes that is admirable. They are mainly about Japan, and might well have been called a study of the Japanese *Welt-Politik*. From the standpoint of an Englishman who realizes the commercial nature of this *Politik* on the part of a sea-Power situated like herself, it excites apprehension, and the seriousness of his fear has disposed him to examine the problem with greater thoroughness than any publicist who has preceded him. If his labors have no other result than that of impressing upon his countrymen the folly of treating Japan as a negligible factor in the civilized world, it will have accomplished all that the author expects. But his attitude is rather too controversial to obtain for him a patient hearing from both parties. He has nothing good to say in behalf of the English alliance with Japan. It is his conviction, after several years of residence in the East, that it is a one-sided arrangement into which England was pushed by fears of Russian aggression and of isolation in Asia, from which, however, Japan has procured every advantage, chiefly through sharp practice. It remains today an alliance with irksome obligations that compel England to exalt the prestige of Japan at her own expense and to the detriment and cost of her own colonial possessions. Under its protection Japan has been free to intrench herself to the prejudice of every European state, including her ally, while the only Power that has shared with her any advantage obtained in Manchuria is Russia, with whom she has joined hands perforce in a grand robbery.

Without conceding the justice of the criticisms upon British policy in treaty revision there is fair ground on the part of the Powers for dissatisfaction with Japan's conduct in Korea and Manchuria, but the main source of the difficulty lies in the fact that she has sought for herself all the profits to be derived from intimate knowledge and propinquity, while the Western Powers are so imperfectly informed and so remote from the region of commercial competition as to be disadvantaged from the outset. The contrast between Japan's fair promises to preserve an open door and her brusque determination to keep it open for herself alone may not be moral, but it is extremely human. To call it "Asiatic" is only to say the same thing.

If England is unable at present to regain the benefits of equal opportunity in South Manchuria the ultimate solution of the trouble must be looked for in the countervailing efforts of Russia in the same territory. Nothing can be gained by denouncing the treaty and making an open enemy of Japan. Two equally selfish Powers like those now contending for mastery on the Pacific seaboard are bound, so long as they continue in rivalry, to leave some openings for outside influence. If the antagonism endures, the cost of military preparation will exhaust one party or the other until he is willing to purchase support from an outsider by commercial concessions; if it returns to normal economic conditions and exploitation is desired, the outsiders who have most labor and capital to offer are sure eventually to be called upon. In the latter case the Chinese will provide the labor and the Anglo-Saxon the capital.

In describing the efforts of Russia to regain her position in the Far East, Mr. Lawton provides an informing chapter on the projected Amur Railway. He does not appear to reflect that her faith in her own destiny, as shown by this colossal project, is a sufficient guarantee of her determination to hold Japan in check and, incidentally, to afford openings for foreign capital. In a paragraph, which does justice to Russia's ambition, we are told that

> her course is as irresistible as that of the mighty river along whose wild bank she will carve her way. Like the Amur itself, she has encountered, and will yet encounter, difficulties of the most stupendous character. Confronted by obstacles no less formidable in the sphere of human effort than those mountainous and rocky obstacles of Nature which checked the Amur in the mysterious, silent past, she twists and turns but does not retreat. She bores her path onward to the great Pacific outlet, and, like the Amur again, all the signs are that, having achieved her object, she will so broaden and deepen her course that never can human agency overwhelm or divert her. There is still in Russia the impatient, determined spirit of that Czar who flouted the perplexities of engineers by calling for a map and drawing a straight line between St. Petersburg and Moscow upon its surface, decreeing that this was the route for a railway. It matters not that the vast territories through which the Amur Railway must go are unexplored, or but partially surveyed; the construction of the line is resolved upon and completion is only a question of time.

Which means that Russia is prepared to expend upon 1,300 miles of railway through a wilderness under the Arctic Circle nearly as much as we have spent upon the Panama Canal, and thereby open to exploitation a territory about the size of Alaska and probably twice as valuable.

As an observer, Mr. Lawton has the advantage of a professional training and is at his best. Nothing in the book is so good as the chapters called Sidelights on the Russo-Japanese War, in which he tells us what he saw personally and describes the qualities of both

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the combatants with candor and considerable acuteness of comment. As an historian, however, he displays a lack of the same degree of training. His résumé of the history of Japan and its change of government, though evidently submitted to competent critics and purged of prescriptive misstatements, is unsatisfactory, because it deals with historical material after the manner of the journalist. A single illustration of what is meant must suffice. The summary compares Japanese and European feudalism without noting the important difference that in Japan the Samurai collectively were professionals in a much stricter sense than were the knights, that they owned no land, and that the system there did not rest on tenure for military service, while the peasant, who had nothing to do with the military, held his fields direct from the overlord—a fundamental dissimilitude that rather vitiates the comparison. The chapters devoted to the Constitutional period afford a full and on the whole a fair account of the process by which Japan exchanged an antique autocracy for the machinery of Western governments. It does not appear from the author's description of the home politics of Japan to-day that parliamentary institutions there are in any adequate degree representative of the will of the people. It is still a country governed, as of old, by men who hold themselves responsible to their clans rather than to the nation, or even to the Emperor in whose name every measure is advocated. The adoption of European laws is regarded as equally abortive because "the code recognizes a European morality which must be impracticable for many years among an Eastern people with Eastern traditions, an Eastern temperament, and an Eastern faith; and it embodies ideals for which political parties with conscientious scruples have fought for long but never yet attained. It may be regarded as prescient rather than practical, but nothing could indicate more distinctly the difficulties which Japan has undertaken to surmount in order that she may preserve her position in an altered age."

From history and politics the author passes in turn to the question of Asiatic immigration and the attitude of America and the British colonies towards the Japanese. He does not believe that white men are the victims of blind folly or race prejudice in opposing Oriental labor. "They are merely asserting the principle which has governed nations from time immemorial, a principle which decrees that the peoples of the earth who have lagged behind in the scheme of civilization shall pay the penalty of their tardiness. If the Oriental races wish to override that principle, they can only achieve their object by force of conquest. If they choose this, the only means of attaining their object, will they find the white man prepared to meet them?" The proposition is at least frankly presented; the only solution suggested, until the struggle comes, is rapid white colonization. As a whole, the book, though prolix and venturing upon too many topics, is one of sufficient study and discernment to deserve a place among the best upon modern Japan.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Joy of Youth. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

In "Widecombe Fair," we have been told, Mr. Phillpotts deliberately and definitely concluded his series of Dartmoor tales, intending to busy himself in the future with a very different sort of work. Different this story is, in setting and detail, but not, we find ourselves gratefully noting, in its human substance. We are unable to agree with his latest American publisher (oddly enough, he has had half a dozen of them thus far) that "in this new vein Mr. Phillpotts can hardly fail to attract a wider circle of readers." Such element of novelty as it has, unless its character of timeliness makes it carry, is not of a sort to tempt the palate of the general.

As usual with Mr. Phillpotts, the scene opens with a meeting between the hero and heroine. This time, to be sure, they meet not on some high tor or by some painted wood of Dartmoor, but in the cast-room of the British Museum. The background is as carefully arranged, and as important, in one instance as in the other; only here it embodies the majesty of Art as the more familiar setting embodied the majesty of Nature. The hero is, in fact, a young artist, a painter, paradoxically modern, who adores the Greeks and boasts himself one of them, and for the rest swears by Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. Scion of an English county family, and very rich, he has chosen Florence as his home, and merely happens upon the British Museum and the heroine during one of his flying visits to England. There, providentially, he "collides heavily" with that young lady; and talk ensues. They have not met, but have common acquaintance; indeed, she is betrothed to a man of his own county. She has an affection for that man, but there is young blood and new blood in her veins, while he is a reactionary, a Briton of the old school. That, at least, he is in feeling if not in act; the fox-hunting, for-God-and-country squire of old would never have permitted his lady such prenuptial freedom as Sir Ralegh Vane yields to his Loveday. But if the godlike young painter is to carry her off, Sir Ralegh himself is to be consoled with a mate of his own kind.

Meanwhile, the story. Loveday procures leave of absence, and wanders and worships in Italy, under chaperonage, with Bertram the painter. She is very beautiful, and he cherishes a dream of getting her to pose as Venus in his half-finished masterpiece. When he finally suggests it, she is affronted, but, presently discovering, on the eve of parting, that she loves him, she offers herself for his model, as the greatest service she can do him. He thereupon discovers that he loves her, and therefore cannot permit her to be Venus for his brush—pretty matter for a lover's quarrel, of which, with the aid of Sir Ralegh, the end is comfortably in sight.

This narrative is adorned with a great many pages of brilliant talk about "Ruler-Art," which may be enjoyed for their own sake by the few who know enough to enjoy them. In human substance, as we have hinted, the narrative is very much like Mr. Phillpotts of Dartmoor. Loveday, in her healthy innocence and beauty, is sister to his heroines of moor and tor; Bertram might, but for his education and special bent, be one of those forthright, independent shepherds and crofters of old acquaintance. Above all, these people have a frankness of speech and a directness of action which belong to a world, we suspect, purely Phillpottsian.

A Narrow Way. By Mary Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is an odd fact that while slow-witted people are often lovable, slow books very seldom are. Perhaps the reason is that when one finds a book dull one generally throws it aside before one has had time to grow fond of it, while in the matter of people one cannot be so reckless. Here, at any rate, is a novel which, while not brilliant and hardly even interesting, is sure to make a pleasant impression if one will give it a chance. The heroine in particular engages one's affections. She has been brought up by the strictest of maiden aunts in the narrowest of suburban worlds, but, unlike most modern heroines in such circumstances, she is neither melancholy nor rebellious. Her high spirits and warm affections outlast a childhood in which running is a misdemeanor, and going out when there are clouds in the sky a hazardous undertaking. Though not, so far as appears, as clever as we are told she is, she has a quick intelligence and a happy faculty for deriving amusement even from the most annoying circumstances.

It is Kitty alone that gives life to the book. (One wonders, by the way, whether the prototype of Kitty is not really the "old lady" to whom the very charming dedicatory poem is written.) The hero is not nice enough for her, and one cannot help feeling—though the thought seems not to occur to the writer—that he is rather selfish, under the circumstances, to snatch her up. Such is our

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faith in Kitty's talent for happiness, however, that when the marriage is finally brought to pass it is not for her we are sorry, but for the merely hypothetical young wooer who should have appeared to claim her.

The Desired Woman. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

Whatever qualities Mr. Harben's work may lack, it is at least as indigenous to America as "The Old Homestead" or "Way Down East." And it has not a little of that engaging crudity which helped to win those stage classics their enormous public. The style conforms to the best rural usage, hesitating between broad vernacular and the stilted and "elegant" speech which is supposed to belong to town culture.

The hero and the villain are Atlanta men, and partners in the conduct of a bank. The Desired Woman is a mountain girl of supernal beauty and amazing power of mind. The villain wins her heart, but casts her aside in order to make a rich marriage. The hero, who has long loved the girl in secret, resents this treatment of her, but apparently it does not occur to him to break partnership with the wicked one. He merely devotes his life to serving his adored at a distance, asking nothing. The villain has a suitably unhappy time of it in wedlock, but he is finally released by the death of his wife and child; whereupon the self-effacing hero fancies it is all over with his hopes:

"Oh, God, *is* it actually to be?" he groaned inwardly. "*Ought* it to be? Here am I, eager to gratify her every wish, while he can give her only the dry, crushed remains of his manhood, a bare scrap of his past affluence. He scorned the sweetest flower of womanhood that ever bloomed, and now crawls through his own mire to pluck it!"

RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848. By George Lockhart Rives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $8 net.

The history of our Southwest is closely connected with that of Mexico. It is, however, usually found incorporated in the general history of the nation or grafted on the history of Texas. It is Mr. Rives's purpose to rescue it from such an environment and to make it a continuous and self-centred narrative. In his second volume he gives us a comprehensive history of the Mexican war, and in the first he treats with equal detail the story of the events which led up to that war. It is not a part of his plan to give merely the leading events; but there is care to tell all that seems essential to the correct understanding of the narrative. The scope of the first volume is seen from the fact that one chapter treats of the Florida treaty of 1819, another of the Mexican revolution against Spain, two of the characteristics of the Mexicans, another of northern Mexico, another of the settlement of Texas, while another, on Mexican politics, brings the reader to the beginning of the quarrel which resulted in Texan independence. To that struggle five chapters are given, Texan annexation and its diplomatic relations with the United States and Mexico are treated in six chapters, and the political phase of annexation gets five chapters.

Probably the first thing that impresses the reader when he takes up the book is the absence of that partisan tone which formerly made a treatment of this period either an anti-slavery or a pro-slavery argument. It is a pleasant surprise to find at last that we are dealing with a national movement, like other notable extensions of our frontier. Mr. Rives willingly admits that the South wished to extend the area of slavery, but he does not make that the occasion of arousing the resentment of the reader. His detachment is, no doubt, most unaccountable to certain older writers, but the modern student who believes that the sectional ebullition was a temporary though violent phase of our history will not be disappointed. Such a student may well ask that slavery be placed somewhat in the background so that he may see some of the other things which made up the history of the day.

Mr. Rives has written a scholarly and readable book. He has used the sources, manuscript and printed, with care and discrimination. He seems to have overlooked no important material. He has drawn from works in Spanish and French languages as freely as from English books. He has included many pertinent quotations. His characterizations of men and parties are vivid, yet judicial. The footnotes, bibliography, and index are excellent, and there are good maps.

A particularly commendable feature of the book is the full appreciation it shows of the point of view of the Mexicans. These people, we are reminded, are either full-blooded Spaniards, full-blooded Indians, or persons born of a union of the two stocks. They are high-spirited by inheritance. They do not employ reason when it is a question of preserving their national integrity. They consider their civilization the oldest and best in the Western Hemisphere, and they are not willing to accept the prevalent American feeling that they are inferiors in either courage or ideals. If we would understand the Mexican, we are told with convincing arguments, we must be able to take his point of view. It may be added that from the time when John Quincy Adams attempted to purchase Texas for a mere song to the beginning of the Mexican War our attitude was just that which would most irritate the Mexicans. Students of existing problems may find in the perusal of these pages some useful suggestions on a present vexing problem.

Mr. Rives has not hitherto appeared before the public as a writer of history. He is described as a busy man of affairs who has never written a doctor's thesis, although he has long been a trustee of Columbia University. It is undoubtedly a pleasant thing to have a good history on the old lines, one in which human interest is not slighted, and in which the political and military affairs of the actors of history are held to be as important as the wheat supply. It is also a wholesome thing that we have another good historical writer who is not at the same time a teacher of history. This can be said without reflection on the teachers. They have done a vast deal to advance the cause of sound history. Their burrowings have been remarkable, their insistence on method has been invaluable, and they have made excellent collections of sources. Most of their efforts have been without specific monetary reward, or the hope of it. But the teacher may be a very bad writer of history. The pedagogical temperament is frequently the opposite of the writer's temperament. It may stand for attention to detail, for evenness of emphasis, whereas the good writer must have power of synthetic arrangement and great facility of expression. Thus it has turned out that while we have had some excellent writers among the teachers, we have had many who made historical literature a dull and lifeless waste. Along with the rise of the new school came the tendency to push into the background the older type of historian. He who was not a professor dared not do more than prepare a memoir, or write popular narratives in some of the more realistic fields. Some eminent exceptions have occurred, as Mr. Rhodes and Mr. H. C. Lea. It is encouraging to see another effort like theirs. It is the opinion of the reviewer, though himself engaged in college teaching, that American historical literature would be enriched if we had more historians whose principal business was not history teaching. They would be men who could devote all their energies to the interpretation of the facts collected by the diligent university investigators.

Football for Public and Player. By Herbert Reed ("Right Wing"). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

Many persons think of football only as a spectacle attracting thousands, as the gladiatorial games attracted the

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multitude in the Roman Empire. To others football is merely an expression of the vitality of youth and a manifestation of college spirit. Only a few realize the scientific nature of football preparation and play and the ethical value of its training. This volume, written by an enthusiastic believer in the game, one who has had experience as player, student of the game, and sporting writer, emphasizes these more important aspects. Though written both for public and for player, the book is neither a detailed and technical description of the fundamentals of the game nor a mere picturesque recital of the more dramatic elements. It assumes that the reader has a knowledge of rudiments and rules and that he desires to know something about the finer points of individual technique, of team play, system, and generalship. After reading the book the ordinary spectator will find his enjoyment of the game increased many fold; the lover of the game will be impressed with the enthusiasm, wide knowledge, and excellent judgment of the author.

An introductory chapter contrasts the English and American games of football, showing the suitability of the latter to American climate and temperament. This is followed by a very interesting, though somewhat overdrawn, parallel between football and warfare, in which the author compares line play to infantry, wide running to cavalry, and the kicking and passing game to artillery. The general similarity of the strategy and tactics of football and of warfare is pointed out, the use of the kicking or passing game as a "demoralizer," followed by the concentration of the greatest number of men upon the weakest point of the enemy when the time for "shock action" arrives, being a standard form of football generalship.

The greater part of the volume deals with football from the coach's standpoint, few persons having a wider acquaintance among football experts or a more comprehensive knowledge of leading styles of play than the author. The relation of captain and coach, the value of the trainer, the principles underlying the selection of material for the various positions, and the standard formations of attack and defence are considered in order. Numerous diagrams illustrate the formations and shifts used by leading teams, and more than a dozen excellent photographs of actual games bring out features of both individual play and concerted team work.

Perhaps the most interesting section of the book deals with the basic principles of generalship. The author divides the field of play into zones, taking into consideration the wind, and the distance of the ball from goal lines and from side lines, and outlines the general style of play that is most valuable and most objectionable in each zone. The author is a firm believer in the "loose ball" game, and for a team equipped with a good punter no fault with his general policy can be found, save that in football as in warfare the best strategist sometimes does the least expected thing, and success or failure rather than sound theory is occasionally the best test of generalship.

In a chapter intended for the ordinary spectator the author notes the mistaken policy of choosing seats near the side lines rather than high in the stands, and of watching the game as a whole rather than the work of individuals, of the line as a unit, or of the backfield as a team in interference. The ability to dissect the play of a team and to discover its elements of strength and weakness is most difficult for the ordinary spectator to acquire, but adds much to an intelligent appreciation of the game. A brief and convenient summary of the penalties that may be imposed is included in this chapter.

A number of broad generalizations are made concerning types of teams. The author notices that Western teams emphasize the offence and Eastern teams the defence, that the former are more radical and the latter more conservative in adopting innovations, and that the former depend much upon trick plays, the latter rather upon sound theory. Yale teams are characterized by "power and resource," Harvard by "brilliance," Princeton by "speed," and Pennsylvania by "variety." Yale is usually superior in line play, Harvard has better backfields, and Princeton excels in following the ball. The Army and Navy are well drilled, but erratic in execution, and the Carlisle Indians are noted for the variety of their attack, while seldom having a well-rounded team. Among the smaller colleges Trinity is mentioned as having the most distinctive system. The author notes, however, the general tendency towards standardization of play, and believes that the differences in the various systems of play are disappearing.

A brief chapter discusses genius in football, giving numerous examples of remarkable individual feats. Along this line Princeton has contributed more than her due share. The closing chapter considers the ethics of the game, commenting on the recent improved spirit of sportsmanship and of courtesy between contending teams and on the more satisfactory relations between athletics and scholarship. In physical makeup the book may be criticised for its too frequent typographical errors and for its lack of an index. "Touchdown" at the bottom of page 119 should obviously read "touchback."

The Poem Book of the Gael: Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse. Selected and edited by Eleanor Hull. Chicago: Browne & Howell Co.

The appearance of a new Irish anthology at once raises in the mind the query whether there is room for another such publication. With respect to Anglo-Irish verse, that is, to the English poetry written in Ireland, the answer might perhaps be in the negative. For many collections of Irish-English poetry have long been in circulation, and there exist two excellent anthologies of recent date, Brooke and Rolleston's "Treasury of Irish Poetry" and "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse." But with the Gaelic poetry of Ireland the situation is different. While some modern songs have long been popular in English versions, very little has yet been done towards compiling representative collections from the whole poetic literature, whether in the original Gaelic or in translation. Moreover, new pieces of value and interest are constantly brought to light by scholars, and the whole work of selection and translation will have to be done over repeatedly for many years to come. Irish prose, thanks partly to Miss Hull herself, and in still larger measure to such translators as O'Grady and Stokes and Lady Gregory, is already well known to English readers. Some acquaintance with the great popular hero-tales of mediæval Ireland has come to be a part of general literary education. But the Gaelic verse, which is still only imperfectly known to the specialist, is far harder than the prose to present to a foreign public. Apart from the universal and inevitable difficulty of translating poetry, the Irish metres are so elaborate, and the language is so different from English in form and syntax, that the interpreter is at a special disadvantage. Every skilful and intelligent attempt, therefore, to make this body of literature better known and understood should be heartily welcomed.

The books with which it is most natural to compare Miss Hull's are Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and the Gall," published in a revised edition in 1907, and Prof. Kuno Meyer's "Ancient Irish Poetry," published in 1911. But her work differs in important particulars from each of these collections. Dr. Meyer's volume deals only with the older poetry, which it presents in closely faithful, though thoroughly idiomatic, prose translations. Dr. Sigerson includes selections from Gaelic poetry of all periods, translated by the author with much skill in imitation of the rhyme and metre of the original. Miss Hull's collection resembles Dr. Sigerson's in its range, but is rather more extensive and includes, in particular, a number of modern Irish pieces only recently made accessible. In her translations the edi-

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tor follows no single method. Sometimes she uses metrical versions made by others, and among these are a number of good ones that have been hitherto unpublished. Often she makes her own rendering, either in verse or more literally in prose. It happens, consequently, that independent versions of some of the best poems are found in all three of the collections named, and it is often interesting and illuminating to compare them. Not because of essential differences in interpretation, for the day is now past when reputable translators from Irish indulge in wild guess-work, but because the varying versions may show the English reader exactly what the problems of the translator have been. In general, the metrical renderings are more successful in the case of the modern pieces, the rhythm of which is closer to English, than in the case of the ancient poems with their strictness of form and parsimony of words. But the effort to achieve the almost impossible is always tempting, and probably few students have ever read the Old Irish *jeu d'esprit* on the scholar and his white cat without trying to get it into English verse. Perhaps no one has succeeded better at this particular task than Mr. Robin Flower, whose version appears on page 132 of Miss Hull's book; but he has fallen far short of the neatness of the original. A number of the other verse translations from early classical metres are more successful, and one of the most notably effective is Miss Hull's own rendering of the remarkable "Song of the Old Woman of Beare" (p. 147).

Of some importance from another point of view is Miss Hull's opening selection, a translation of long portions of the "Saltair na Rann." This is a difficult old Irish poem of the tenth century, and her version, the first published translation of any considerable part of the poem, deserves favorable recognition as a *specimen eruditionis*. The place of the "Saltair" in Irish literary history is also important, but we should not say that its intrinsic excellence would entitle it to stand in a selected list of poems of permanent and universal interest. The same remark would apply to a number of the little prayers and incantations—interesting specimens of popular verse—included among the selections from Modern Irish. But Miss Hull doubtless did not mean to compile a strict sort of anthology on the model of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." That engaging task is still left for somebody else to perform, and her collection will be of great help to the person who undertakes it.

Miss Hull's introduction does not attempt any historical survey, but comments with intelligence and sympathy on some of the characteristic features of Irish poetry. She speaks of its elaboration of form, which gives evidence of long and systematic cultivation of the art, and also of the range and refinement of the sentiments it expresses. And she insists particularly, we are glad to note, on the joyousness of much of the early poetry—"more robust in the pagan, gentler and more reflective in the Christian," production. Her observations on this subject, it is to be hoped, may help correct prevailing misconceptions as to "Celtic melancholy."

English Local Government: The Story of the King's Highway. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.50 net.

The output of what is sometimes called "the Webb laboratory" continues to maintain its accustomed standard of excellence, even though Mr. and Mrs. Webb and their secretarial staff pursue their investigations somewhat after the manner of a tariff board drafting a report on the wool schedule. All these volumes on English local government have the earmarks of an official statement made to order with a proper background of historical investigation and a very unmistakable group of recommendations for improvement. In fact, we believe that Mr. and Mrs. Webb would frankly accept such characterization as true to their intention, and would agree that they deal with the past chiefly to show the need of reform in the present and to strengthen their argument as to the way such reform should be effected. There is no essential difference between the minority report of the Poor Law Commission, drawn up a few years ago by the Webbs and issued in a style uniform with the local government series, and the other volumes of that series, which deal with county, borough, manor, and parish. All are in the fashion of Parliamentary blue books, though the product of private enterprise and supported by ample private means.

In a series of studies, at once so comprehensive and inclusive, by-products are inevitable. One of the most notable of such by-products is that which forms the subject of the volume here under review: the King's Highway. To the Webbs its story seemed worth the telling as a study in administration. Therefore, before proceeding with the original plan of continuing their treatment of the structure of local government with a description of the various statutory local government bodies, which will form a third treatise supplementary to the "Parish and the County" (1906) and the "Manor and the Borough" (1908), they have issued in a single volume of more than 250 pages a history of road administration in England, and are to follow it up with a revised bibliography of roadmaking and maintenance which will include no fewer than 6,000 items.

To be attracted by the subject of this volume the reader need have little interest in the "problems" of the present or concern for the reformation of local methods of control, such as is sought for by the writers of all these volumes. He will find the novelties of the subject a sufficient inducement to peruse the work. The story begins with earliest times, though conditions before the sixteenth century are dealt with very briefly in a single chapter, and covers the days when roads were used only for foot service, of men and animals; continuing through the days of horse-drawn vehicles to the last half-century of bicycles, tricycles, motorcycles, motor cars, and motor omnibuses, which are revolutionizing the whole method of road construction and control in the United Kingdom and Ireland. The bulk of the volume is taken up with the story of the turnpikes and the turnpike Trusts, the glorious era of the stage coach, the "calamity" of the railways, the work of "Pontifex Maximus" Telford and "the magician," Macadam, and the extraordinarily futile efforts of nineteenth-century statesmen to grapple successfully with a problem that was construed as a local matter at a time when increased governmental control had already become a necessity. The latest road-using vehicle, the motor omnibus, which is proving terribly destructive, not only to life and limb, but also to the road surfaces, is introducing a factor of tremendous importance to those concerned in the upkeep of the roads. Though England has to-day a larger mileage of dustless roads than any other country, and is spending for the United Kingdom nearly eighteen million pounds a year on the administration of highways, a sum apparently far in excess of the total road expenditure of any other country, yet the standard of maintenance is rising, and the demand for the future of a road that shall be a "solid, coherent, waterproof, convex-surfaced, decently side and subsoil drained mass, secured against elemental disturbances under suitably proportioned working heads," is raising a serious financial problem. To the solution of this problem the last chapters of this volume are an important and suggestive contribution, and they cannot but be of interest to every American reader whose pleasure or business it is to travel on the King's Highway, or who is called upon to face similar road conditions in his own country.

The Problem of Evil in Plotinus. By B. A. G. Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25 net.

It is to be feared that the title of this book, to most of those whose eyes fall upon it, will suggest a work of highly specialized learning applied to highly abstract speculations. Those who for

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this reason pass the volume by will overlook an excellent piece of literature dealing with the most poignant and human of philosophical questions and one of the most profound and human of philosophers.

The problem of evil, in the most general sense, is the heart of the religious problem; since religion is that part of human life which stands at the point where men's judgments concerning what is good, and their judgments concerning what is real, meet and press for final and practical adjustment. The question, therefore, is the one among the topics of philosophy which has, perhaps, played the greatest rôle in untechnical reflective literature. It is the theme of the three most typical and influential of English religious poems—one representing the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, another the Deism of the eighteenth, and the third, "In Memoriam," a phase of latitudinarian Anglicanism of the nineteenth.

The reasonings which enter into much modern reflection on this theme, as well as into such mediæval dealings with it as are exemplified in some notable passages of the "Divina Commedia," can be clearly traced back to those ideas of the Platonism of later antiquity which owe their fullest and most coherent expression to Plotinus. The connection between the thought of the ancient philosopher and the arguments of eighteenth century optimism, illustrated in the second of the English poems mentioned, is peculiarly close. If Pope learned the theodicy versified in the "Essay on Man" from Bolingbroke, Bolingbroke in turn evidently "conveyed" it from Archbishop King; and King, for the most part, merely transmitted the assumptions and arguments which had come down through the schoolmen from neo-Platonic sources. The favorite notion of the Enlightenment that the "best of possible worlds" must abound in all possible grades and diversities of being —and therefore all possible degrees of imperfection—was precisely the cardinal principle of the emanationism of Plotinus. But this notion yielded, so to say, diverse by-products, which had nothing directly to do with the problem of evil. It had, for example, a distinctly "romantic" tendency, quite out of keeping with the usual assumption of eighteenth-century rationalism, that all life, all art, and all institutions should be made to conform each to a single "standardized" model of excellence. There was, again, an odd incongruity between this assumption of Deistic theology, and the assumption of much eighteenth-century political theory, that the best of possible *societies* would be one in which all the members were equal—and as much alike as possible.

So wide-reaching are the historic bearings of the theodicy of Plotinus, of which Mr. Fuller has given us the first thoroughly satisfactory presentation in English. His book, however, is by no means of a purely historical interest. He deals also, penetratingly and honestly, with the great problem itself; and, like many of the most serious of contemporary writers on the philosophy of religion, arrives at a species of dualism as his conclusion.

Notes

The tenth volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," entitled "The Age of Johnson," is about to appear from the Putnam press.

The same house has in hand for this season: An illustrated edition of Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree"; "Ethics and Modern Thought: A Theory of Their Relations," being the addresses which were recently delivered by Rudolph Eucken at New York University; "The Book of the Dead: The Papyrus of Ani," a reproduction in facsimile, edited, with hieroglyphic transcript, translation, and introduction, by E. A. Wallis Budge, keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum; "England Since Waterloo," by J. A. R. Marriott, the concluding volume of "The History of England," edited by Charles Oman; "Old Court Life in Spain," by Frances Elliot; "My Path," a volume of memoirs by Lilli Lehmann, and Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, the last a Cambridge University Press book.

"The Colonizing Activities of the English Puritans" is the title of a book by Arthur Percival Newton, which is announced by the Yale University Press. The work has an introduction by Prof. Charles M. Andrews.

Prof. Eduard Prokosch will bring out, through Holt, a "Lese- und Uebungsbuch."

George W. Jacobs & Company have in preparation a "Life of Raphael Semmes," by Colyer Meriwether, and "Hunting in the Upper Yukon," by Thomas Martindale.

Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman has completed a new novel of New York life, called "The Spider's Web." It will be brought out by Moffat, Yard & Company.

Smith & Elder are issuing this week the full account of the British Antarctic exploration, under the title "Scott's Last Expedition." The work is in two volumes, the first to contain the journals of Capt. Scott, the second the scientific investigations undertaken by Dr. Wilson and others of the party. This material has been arranged by Mr. Leonard Huxley, and there is a preface by Sir Clements Markham.

Prof. I. Gollancz has edited for the Oxford University Press "Patience, an Alliterative Paraphrase of 'Jonah' by the Poet of the 'Pearl.'" It is the first instalment of a series of Select Early English Poems of which Professor Gollancz is the editor. The next four numbers of the series will be "The Parliament of the Three Ages," "Winner and Waster," "Death and Life," and "Scottish Field." In each instance there will be a facsimile of the manuscript.

"Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry," by H. B. Charlton, is announced by the Manchester University Press.

The *Geographical Journal* for October contains an instructive account of the American Transcontinental Excursion of 1912 organized to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the American Geographical Society of New York. Mr. G. G. Chisholm deals with the economic aspects of the excursion. Mr. H. O. Beckit, of Oxford, describes some of our national parks, and Mr. A. G. Ogilvie gives his impressions of the vegetation of the United States. A fairly realistic idea of the geography of our country is gained from them. There is also given Prof. H. N. Dickson's presidential address to the Geographical Section of the British Association, in which he discusses the urgent problem of "finding suitable accommodation" for the increasing population of the world. He believes that there will be an increase of the growth of immense seaports like London and New York, while the geographical causes for the establishment and maintenance of other great cities are steadily diminishing. Since we are making serious inroads on our resources, he holds that we should address ourselves to a stock-taking of them and suggests the formation of a committee jointly by the great national geographical societies for collecting the necessary information.

The relation of Rumania to the Balkan question is shown by Mr. Frederick Moore in the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. Although the existence of a secret treaty with Germany and Austria is doubtful, he says that Rumania is recognized as a "silent partner" of those countries. It has a remarkable prosperity, its rich soil ranking it among the great grain-growing countries of the world. Mr. George Kennan graphically describes his unusual experiences during a journey in the Caucasus. In its nearly twelve million people there are forty-six different nationalities, and the language "changed every ten or fifteen miles." He found a remarkable similarity of some of the mountain villages with an Arizona Indian pueblo, illustrations of both of which are given, and their folklore is strangely alike. The mysterious life of the common eel is the subject of an interesting article by Fish Commissioner Hugh M. Smith, and the wonderful success of the anti-typhoid vaccination in our army is described by Mr. A. G. Grinnell. There was not a single case of typhoid fever in the first nine months of the present year.

We may record here the appearance of two more volumes in Macmillan's Fiction Library: Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted" and Mrs. Humphry Ward's "History of David Grieve."

A collection of jests and funny anecdotes, suitable for the after-dinner speaker, has been made by Thomas L. Masson and published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Masson's connection with *Life* ought to make him a good judge in this sort of thing.

The scholarly monographs and notes of the late Prof. Frank Egbert Bryant, of the University of Kansas, have been put together in a memorial volume entitled "A History of English Balladry and Other Studies" (Badger). Everything contained in it has been printed elsewhere except

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the essay which gives its name to the collection. This is a careful examination of the comparatively few popular ballads that come down to us from a period before the seventeenth century, and of many metrical compositions which in one way or another resemble ballads, but are not. Owing in part to the absence of convenient summaries and in part to the lack of any clear definition of the literary form under discussion, the essay leaves on the mind of the reader, in spite of interesting glimpses of the conditions surrounding the production of popular literature in England, a strong sense of agitation rather than advance. Much of this impression is doubtless due to the confessedly unfinished state of the author's manuscript. Probably he is more adequately represented by the only other paper of considerable length, a sharp criticism of the psychology of descriptive writing as formulated in Lessing's "Laocoön." The remaining notes serve chiefly to complete the record. Opinions may conceivably differ about the perfect good taste of the introduction, but there can be no question that no honor was done to the memory of a conscientious scholar by neglecting to correct in proof the quotations in Early English.

Failing to find in the Oxford Dictionary not only such "well-known words" as "Africander," "Africanderism," and "Africanderdom," but even "African," the Rev. Charles Pettman, a resident of the Cape for nearly forty years, has come forward to supply the lack a hundredfold. His bulky volume, "Africanderisms: A Glossary of South African Colloquial Words and Phrases and of Place and Other Names" (Longmans, Green), is full of interest for the philologian, while the American layman with any Dutch leanings can also spend a pleasant hour in its pages. Though there are relics, especially in place names, of several tongues in the language of the Cape—of Portuguese, French, Bushman, Hottentot, Bantu, etc.—it is the intermixture of Dutch and English words and idioms which constitutes the main basis of this study. Descendants of the good burghers of New Amsterdam will be pleased to learn that among the English on the Cape the "stoop" is a respectable, dignified part of a house, and will meet with a distant acquaintance in the "brandewijn" bush. Older generations of New Yorkers will doubtless not have to be told that "inspan" and "outspan" denote hitching and unhitching, respectively, and that "slim" and "stout" can conceivably mean cunning and impudent, respectively. But the New Yorker's interest in this volume will come not so much from finding parallels as from observing what his own speech might have become had English control of New Amsterdam been deferred for a century or so. He might still call the kick-off in football the "aftrap"; might ask a friend, "Are you going with (along)?" He might have to punish his child for "rolling on the floor and coming home full of mud," the "floor" meaning "ground," and "full of" being no worse than "splashed with." And anything not more than a moment old would be "splinter new." Devotees of last cries, by the way, will linger over another word in use on the Cape—"askoekklop," a Hottentot dance, so named by the Dutch because of the similarity of the sound which it makes to that produced by knocking together cookies baked in wood ashes [asch+koek+kloppen].

One result of the *entente cordiale* has been to inspire Frenchmen and Englishmen with an inclination to arrive at a better understanding the one of the other. Not all of the books written to satisfy this laudable aspiration can be said to achieve the end desired. Such a volume, indeed, as Laurence Jerrold's "The French and the English" (Dodd, Mead) seems calculated in some respects only to darken counsel. Mr. Jerrold is partly the victim of his Chestertonian method, a tedious didacticism even in the hands of Mr. Chesterton himself, and holding infinite peril for one less skilled than he in the art of inversion. The method is simplicity itself: in differentiating the national qualities of the French and the English the author takes a characteristic that is commonly supposed to be peculiarly British and proves conclusively, to his own satisfaction, that it can more properly be applied to the Gallic nature. Then he reverses the process and demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that some traditionally French quality is in reality one of the most conspicuous traits to be found in the character of the typical Briton. The principal result of two chapters of laborious epigram and antithesis is to inform the reader of the facts, with which he is possibly already familiar, that the Frenchman is an extremely practical person and that the Englishman conceals within his bosom some of the qualities of the visionary. Mr. Jerrold's volume is more exasperating than it might otherwise be, because one feels that he is really familiar with his subject, and that, if only he would avoid patent exaggerations and the temptation to excessive smartness, he might have written a book that would have been of value in interpreting French character and national life to English readers. The critical chapter on Poetry is good, and that on English Men and French Jeunes, contrasting the youth of the two countries, reveals insight and sympathy. But the work is crowded with statements unsupported by other evidence than the writer's own conviction of the moment. This is particularly noticeable when he is speaking of his own country, on which occasions the Chestertonian method comes into prominence. Mr. Jerrold seems to understand France rather better than he understands England.

A far more instructive book, even if it be written with the rather self-conscious solemnity of the feminist, is Mlle. Claire de Pratz's "France from Within" (Doran). After a girlhood and schooldays spent in England, Mlle. de Pratz returned to her own country and was for some years a professor in a lycée of Paris. Through connections in the Government she has also been in close touch with the political as well as with the social life of the capital. She is absolutely bilingual, and her English style has possibly gained from the habit of clarity of expression which is the genius of the French language. Consequently, both the matter and the manner of what Mlle. de Pratz has to say concerning the characteristics of the two countries and the contrasts in their respective points of view are well worth the hearing. Her experience qualifies her to contrast the educational ideals of the English and the French, and it is on this topic that she is most illuminating. The most fundamental difference, she finds, in the two ideals is that expressed by the French words "éducation" and "instruction," the former representing the moral and the latter the intellectual side of a child's training. In English there is no such sharp distinction between the two, both being included in the word "education."

The "well-educated" man in England is the man who has been submitted to the discipline of a public school, and that very discipline is the side of his education to which most importance is attached. Whatever of moral training the Frenchman has received he owes to home influences; his school is concerned only with his intelligence. And even at home, where the English parent emphasizes the moral aspect of an act, the difference between right and wrong, the French parent appeals to the æsthetic nature of the child. "Ne fais pas cela, mon chéri," cries the French mother; "ce n'est pas joli." The act is not wrong so much as it is ugly; "the good" and "the beautiful" are one and indistinguishable. Mlle. de Pratz rightly emphasizes the value of the philosophical training which forms so important a part in the curriculum of the lycée, as enabling the pupil "to coördinate the whole of his previous learning and to map out a programme for future self-culture." The description of the girls' lycée in Paris, where the author was herself a professor, is extremely interesting. The feminist movement in its French manifestation is well described. French women, we are told, have "chosen the right means of gaining their ends with regard to their rights. They quite understand that in their own country they must be 'feminine' in order to be 'feminist.'" Later chapters give *intimate* particulars of the *ménage* of the ordinary French family. Mlle. de Pratz is admirably impartial, and has a nice sense of perspective. As an interpretation of French life for English readers, her book is one of the best of the many that have recently appeared.

To the Home University Library, Prof. George Foot Moore, of Harvard University, contributes a volume entitled "The Literature of the Old Testament" (*Holt*). The plan of the larger, more technical "introductions" is followed: a sketch of the formation of the canon, a chapter on the Old Testament as the national literature of the Hebrews, and a presentation of the literary character, composition, date, and authorship of each book or group of writings. The treatment is popular, but thoroughly scholarly. The conclusions are those of modern criticism, without vagaries or extreme positions. The general reader will find in the volume sufficient information to enable him to read the Old Testament as modern historical students understand it, although for proof of the positions assumed he will be obliged to refer to more elaborate works. Professor Moore's scholarship is so thorough and his mastery of the facts so complete that he is able to single out the salient and important and to avoid confusing the reader with a mass of detail. One has only to compare his exhaustive commentary on Judges in the

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International Critical Commentary with the nine pages on that book in this volume, or his masterly essay on Sacrifice in the Encyclopedia Biblica with his treatment of the same subject in the chapters on the Pentateuch, to marvel at the success with which he has held himself in curb. It will be difficult for any one to prepare a better popular manual of introduction to the Old Testament.

The career of John Paul Jones offers an inviting subject to the biographer because it has an important bearing on American history and because it deals with a most attractive personality. In the first sense Jones was the founder of the tradition of a brave and successful American naval officer. What Nelson was to British naval men and Jean Bart to the Frenchmen, he was to those who serve our own country at sea. He entered the navy in a crowd of incompetents, men whose sea experience was derived from the merchant service of the maritime colonies, and who had little understanding of the dash and unrelenting courage necessary to make a great fighter. Above such men he was lifted by his impetuous will, his disdain of intrigue, and his insatiable thirst for glory. His was a figure around which romance naturally gathers. On the one hand, his written life presents an excellent picture of the shortcomings of those who launched our Revolution, and it shows us the many difficulties with which the naval branch of the Government was surrounded. On the other, it is a picture of wonderful achievement, a picture which the man of average taste and purpose will ever like to see. How popular it is may be understood from the fact that the latest biography ("The Sailor Whom England Feared," by M. MacDermott Crawford; Duffield & Co.) is the fourteenth that has appeared since the death of Jones, to say nothing of several novels whose theme he has been, among them romances by James Fenimore Cooper and the elder Dumas.

If one demands a life of Jones in the best sense, he will be disappointed in the book under review. It lacks historical perspective, it confines itself to the deeds of its hero, it is not critical in even a slight degree, it does not rest upon research, and, in short, its historical significance is small. It is filled with overstatement and contains some misstatements. For example, Benjamin Franklin is characterized as "the heavy-jawed old Quaker" (p. 97). The phrase is erroneous as well as offensive; Franklin was not a Quaker. In another place we read: "The navy was controlled by the gentlemen from Massachusetts, and John Quincy Adams, its virtual dictator, filled the desirable posts with those who had the luck to please him, without the slightest reference to their fitness" (p. 65). John Quincy Adams was nine years old when the Revolution began. That John Adams did not appreciate Jones may well be true, but he assuredly thought he was acting for the best interest of the service in seeking to advance sea-captains from his own State. As a personal biography, Mr. Crawford's book has a better standing. It contains energy, motion, and imagination. The language is simple and direct. The formal arrangement of the parts is natural, and although the irrelevant matter is sometimes in bad taste, it is not abundant. There is a deal of human action in the book, and wicked men and beautiful women all play important parts. It is a readable one-volume biography and gives one the flavor of Jones's remarkable life of adventure. For those who do not wish to read the longer work of Mrs. de Koven, reviewed in the *Nation* July 17, 1913, it will prove an entertaining book.

"Rival French Courts" (Macmillan) is the somewhat ambiguous title under which S. H. Lombardini has written a readable and well-informed account of the experiences of Madame de Staal Delaunay at Sceaux, at Versailles, and in the Bastille. Mademoiselle Delaunay's youth, in a convent and then in the family of the Marquis de Silly, was full of joy and love; by her grace and wit she was the acknowledged queen of a small circle of admirers. But towards the close of Louis XIV's reign fate placed her as a lady-in-waiting to the eccentric Duchess of Maine. This capricious duchess, daughter of a still more capricious father, was by birth a Condé, and, having married one of Louis XIV's recognized bastards, nourished hopes of becoming Queen of France after Louis XIV's death. Meanwhile, before that event had taken place, she dared to shake off the oppressive yoke of Versailles and seek pleasure in her own way as queen of a topsy-turvy rival court, with pretensions to wit and literature, at Sceaux. In 1718 she involved herself and all her household, including Mlle. Delaunay, in the famous Cellamare conspiracy, and in consequent confinement in the Bastille. Mlle. Delaunay's imprisonment lasted eighteen months, but was not without compensations of a romantic sort. After her release she again became lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and was conveniently married to a Captain in the Duke of Maine's Swiss Guards, named De Staal. Her memoirs, published soon after her death in the middle of the eighteenth century, were much read at the time. They are the outpourings of a clever mind and of a sensitive, philosophic soul, with a note of sadness running through them. Sainte-Beuve said they ought "to be re-read at the beginning of each winter, at the end of autumn, beneath the November trees to the sound of the falling foliage." Mr. Lombardini's biography is made up for a considerable part of generous selections from these memoirs and from letters which Madame de Staal wrote in 1747.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been appointed an officer of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services to French literature in England.

Price Collier died suddenly on the Island of Funen, in the Baltic, where he was a guest at a shooting party. He was born in 1860, and received his early education at Geneva, Switzerland, and later at the University of Leipzig. In 1882 Harvard gave him the degree of bachelor of divinity. For two years he was European editor of the *Forum*, and during the Spanish-American war was an officer in the navy. His reputation as a writer rests mainly on his studies of various nationalities, his last work, "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," having caused considerable discussion. Other books from his pen include "Essays: Mr. Picket Pin and his Friends," "America and the Americans from a French Point of View," "A Parish of Two," "England and the English from an American Point of View," and "The West in the East from an American Point of View."

Science

The Yale University Press will publish a second set of lectures on "Water Conservation by Storage," by F. H. Newell.

Prof. W. A. Noyes is preparing for Holt "A Textbook on Chemistry."

The eleventh annual report of the Reclamation Service presents a brief review of the work accomplished during its ten years' existence under the direction of F. H. Newell. The fundamental object of the service is the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation, with the result of providing many homes on small farms; for "with high-grade fruit culture even five acres will support a family, and is regarded as a competence." The number of independent farms now served is about 14,000, and is steadily rising; projects now planned will irrigate an area several times as great as that already utilized. One of the fallacies shown in ten years of practical experience is that reclamation is not cheap; the cost of permanent dams and canals is relatively high; much higher than the temporary works of pioneers. Another early fallacy was that after water is provided in the main canals, no further cost would be called for; as a matter of fact, much work has still to be done in preparing fields for best service from the canals and ditches; work is also needed in the construction of drains, by which to withdraw the irrigation water and prevent the accumulation of alkali. One of the greatest difficulties is to procure the right kind of farmers for the cultivation of the reclaimed land. The new settlers are not like the early pioneers; they show less spirit of coöperation than the early communities possessed, and the present settlers on irrigated lands are not so capable of adapting themselves to the conditions that they find there as were their less aided predecessors. It was expected, when the service was started in 1902, that the farmers themselves would construct the smaller distributing canals; but experience has shown that this also must be done by the governmental service; thus thousands of small structures, such as gates, flumes, siphons, culverts, and bridges, have been built, as well as enormous dams and long main canals. The rigid enforcement of the Eight-Hour law has increased the cost of construction; for when half an hour additional work would complete a job, it is stopped at the end of an eight-hour day, because no discretion is left to the employer; and it is then necessary to bring a gang of men back again, sometimes over a considerable distance, to finish some minor detail. An important branch of the service is the irrigation of the lands of Indian reservations, for which several projects are now in construction. The total net cost to June 30, 1912, has been $72,042,173.07. The report presents many other details of interest.

One of the useful volumes in the already large series of Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature is Prof. T. B. Wood's "The Story of a Loaf of Bread"

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(Putnam). Inasmuch as the author has treated the various aspects of the wheat-growing and manufacturing industries in a somewhat popular though scientific manner, the book is not without considerable interest and value to the general reader. For the serious student of agricultural economics or of industrial and mechanical science, however, it contains little that is new. After presenting in the earlier chapters a sketch of the growing and marketing of wheat, Professor Wood proceeds to a discussion of such investigations as are in progress to the end of improving the quality of the cereal, from the standpoints of both the farmer and the miller. In some respects, this is the most interesting and important part of the volume, for it includes a treatment of such matters as selection and hybridization, on the one hand, and of impurities in the grain and percentage of water in the kernel, on the other. Then follow short chapters on the milling industry, baking, the chemical composition of bread, and its food value. A classified bibliography is appended containing not only the main sources which have been drawn upon in the preparation of the volume, but also the best literature for the interested reader to consult whenever further information is desired.

Drama

A new book promised shortly by Macmillan is "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre," by Maurice Bourgeois.

A volume of two plays by Brieux, "Blanchette" and "The Escape," will be issued by John W. Luce & Company, with a translation by Frederick Eisemann.

"Tante," the play which the English dramatist, C. Haddon Chambers, has built upon the foundation of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's novel of the same name, and which has just been produced in the Empire Theatre, is one of the best light comedies presented in this neighborhood for a considerable time. Dramatically it is not very strong, for it is deficient in action, and the climactic scene arises from conditions which are barely credible, but it is full of exceptionally good character drawing and is uncommonly rich in witty and satirical dialogue. From first to last, it is consistently amusing. Unlike most pieces of a similarly humorous character, it has a definite purpose—to which it adheres steadily and effectively—the ridicule of the so-called "artistic temperament," the contemptible meanness, vanity, and envy which too often underlie it, and the essential hollowness of most of its pretences. The heroine, known as Tante to her intimate circle of sycophants, is a brilliant pianist, whom incessant adulation has converted into a creature of utter insincerity and selfishness. Her most affectionate demonstrations are heartless poses, designed to extort admiration. She has adopted a ward—for her own gratification—upon whom she lavishes endearments, but when the girl—who is her devoted slave—wins the love of a man who is too clever to be imposed upon and too honest to flatter, she agrees to their marriage, with the deliberate intent of separating them afterwards. In this she succeeds temporarily by an insidious appeal to the young wife's gratitude, which is supposed to be stronger—this is the weak spot in the plot—than her love for her husband. But in her moment of apparent triumph her insensate jealousy impels her to reveal herself in her true colors, and the reconciliation of her victims naturally follows. The moral of the piece is conveyed in the ultimate exposure and defeat of Tante by the two persons, the young husband and an old female companion, who never accepted her at her own valuation, or paid the least attention to her tantrums. There is some degree of legitimate exaggeration in the piece, but the spirit of it—for which a liberal amount of credit, of course, must be allotted to the original author—is thoroughly sane and wholesome, especially in these days of artificially manufactured reputations. Ethel Barrymore, an attractive actress of limited capacity, plays Tante with a certain amount of mimetic cleverness, but very little insight or real power. But she was supported admirably, especially by Charles Cherry, who gave a highly finished and forcible embodiment of the downright sensible husband; Eileen van Biene as the wife, and Haidee Wright as a shallow and venomous little parasite. This is a play which merits and seems assured of success.

Cyril Maude, one of the most popular of London's actor-managers, made what was virtually his first appearance in this city in Wallack's Theatre Monday evening in his favorite part of Christopher Bingham in Capt. Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command." The play is tolerably well known in this country, John Drew having been very successful in it years ago, and needs no description here. It does not carry its age well. The artificiality and improbability of the plot, with its swift succession of convenient coincidences and calculated climaxes, stand out more aggressively than ever. But the military interest, the sympathetic if somewhat trite characteristics of the central personages, and the brightly humorous dialogues still exert a potent theatrical charm. As the kindly, honest, brave, unselfish, but somewhat stupid Kit Bingham, Mr. Maude made an emphatic personal hit. It would be absurd to attempt any formal estimate of the abilities of an actor, noted for his versatility, after a single performance, but he is evidently a comedian of rare intelligence and accomplishment. His impersonation, Monday evening, was absolutely human, lifelike, and consistent. The character seemed to fit him like his own skin. He was particularly effective in those passages where he had to express the inarticulate emotion of a deeply sensitive but shy man, in which the perfect simplicity and naturalness of his methods were exceedingly attractive and convincing. The humorous side of the part he illustrated with delightful lightness and vivacity. But he must study the peculiar acoustic properties of the house. Monday night he was sometimes almost incomprehensible owing to the lisp, presumably assumed, with which he spoke. He appears to have some exceedingly capable actors in his company, notably Mr. Montagu Love. His daughter, Margery Maude, has a refined and pleasing personality, but could scarcely be playing leading parts if she were not the daughter of the manager.

"Androcles and the Lion" having failed to attract at the London St. James's Theatre, Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy will revive John Masefield's translation of the Norwegian play, "The Witch," first introduced to London by Miss McCarthy in January, 1911. She will, of course, be seen in her old part of Anna Petersdotter, the weird woman who, inheriting preternatural powers from her witch-mother, eventually uses them to her own undoing.

Woman is at last to have a theatre of her own in London, to be called "The Women's Theatre." The new enterprise owes its birth to the Actresses' Franchise League. It finds a home at the Coronet, where on Monday, December 8, a beginning will be made. For the occasion, Mrs. Bernard Shaw has translated Brieux's three-act play, "La Femme Seule." The principal part has been accepted by Lena Ashwell, with whom will be associated Sarah Brooke, Nina Boucicault, and Fisher White. "La Femme Seule" will be given on three evenings of the week, and Björnson's "A Gauntlet," with Miss Ernita Lascelles as Svava, on the others.

The London *Daily Telegraph* announces that a site has been selected for the proposed Shakespearean Memorial National Theatre in London. It lies somewhere in the neighborhood of the Academy of Dramatic Art:

> The ground covers an area of an acre and a half, more than sufficient for all necessary purposes. The price will absorb pretty nearly all the funds at present in the hands of the organizers, and the vital question, consequently, remains—where is the money requisite for the building of the theatre to come from? Still, now that they have something concrete to go on it is by no means improbable that subscriptions will flow in more freely than hitherto; in any case, the transaction, regarded merely in the light of an investment, is a sound one.

Music

Gustav Mahler. By Paul Stefan. New York: G. Schirmer. $2.

Tschudi, the Harpsichord Maker. By William Dale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Charles Dickens and Music. By James T. Lightwood. London: Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.

"In view of the fact that Mahler died some time ago, it becomes the duty of conductors and the public to take cognizance of his works." This sentence, from a provincial newspaper, written in perfect naïveté, amusingly indicates the usual German attitude towards men of genius. Gustav Mahler was quite as great a composer as Richard Strauss, and as an operatic and concert conductor he was second to none the world has seen; yet as long as he lived he was constantly harassed and abused, and to his compositions little attention was paid till after his death. He had ardent advocates in the newspapers, and in 1908 one of these, Paul Stefan, published a book, "Gustav Mahler's Heritage," in which those who had hamper-

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ed the great conductor in Vienna were severely taken to task. Subsequently, Herr Stefan brought out "Gustav Mahler: A Study of his Personality and Work," of which in a few years four editions were sold, bearing witness, like the concert programmes, to the greatly increased interest in his works; and this little book has now been translated faithfully by T. E. Clark in the hope of paving the way for Mahler in England. There is likely to be a greater demand for it in New York, where Mahler aroused so much enthusiasm as conductor, for several seasons, of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

During the season that Richard Wagner conducted the Philharmonic concerts in London he was not permitted to put more than two or three of his own compositions (selections from his operas) on the programme. Mahler, without being forbidden (for he made his own programmes), put on only a very few of his many compositions during his activity in New York. He disliked forcing himself on the public; Herr Stefan relates that while he was director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna he forbade the artists there to sing his lyrics, lest he should be suspected of influencing them, or they of seeking for favors. Stooping to conquer was an attitude he never indulged in; on the contrary, he cultivated the gentle art of making enemies by rigidly living up to exalted ideals, which provoked the wrath of performers and hearers alike. Interesting details regarding his conflicts are given by Herr Stefan.

In Vienna, as in New York, there were outbursts of pedantic wrath at the alleged liberties he took with the scores of Beethoven and other masters. We cannot too strongly urge the reader to peruse pages 49-57, on which are reprinted Mahler's remarks in answer to these charges—remarks which must convince any one that it would have been "no less than sacrilege" for Mahler *not* to edit the scores as he did, following the example of Wagner. For Beethoven, so great was his adoration that he performed twenty-five of his works, as against only fifty-two by all other composers. The public was in Vienna, as in New York, entirely on his side. Not only was the house sold out when he conducted a Philharmonic concert, but the concerts sometimes had to be repeated—a thing unheard of before or since. The key to his great success was hinted at by himself in a letter he wrote in 1884 to Angelo Neumann asking for a position, in which he referred to himself as one "who is not without the power of breathing fire and enthusiasm into works of art, and also into the artists taking part."

In Herr Stefan's brief sketch of Mahler's career we get interesting glimpses of men who helped him, among them Hans von Bülow, Anton Seidl, and Arthur Nikisch. Sixty pages are devoted to a brief description and estimate of his ten symphonies and the other compositions, of which a full list is given in the appendix. The author writes of these with enthusiasm as well as critical insight.

William Dale's book on Tschudi, the harpsichord-maker, gives a brief but vivid account of one of the most distinguished London craftsmen of the eighteenth century, who, though a foreigner by birth, identified himself completely with the musical and social life of his adopted home and became the founder of one of the leading firms of piano manufacturers in England. Tschudi and his son made 1,200 harpsichords during their career; these were highly valued by Handel, and their fame spread to Germany, to which one was sent for Frederick the Great. The author explains why harpsichords were replaced by pianofortes, the demand for which, for practical as well as musical reasons, soon far exceeded the demand at any time for harpsichords.

Another aspect of musical life in England is presented in Mr. Lightwood's book. This writer inclines to the belief that no great author has made a more extensive use of music to illustrate character and create incident than Charles Dickens; and he thinks that, from an historic point of view, these references are of the utmost importance, because they reflect to a nicety the general condition of ordinary musical life in England during the middle of the last century. With painstaking care Mr. Lightwood has gathered the references to music and musicians scattered through the novels and other books, and he suggests to club members that a pleasant evening might be spent in rendering some of the music thus referred to. A list of the songs and instrumental pieces alluded to is included in the book. It does not indicate that Dickens was interested in classical music; his taste appears to have been strictly English. After visiting St. Peter's at Rome, he wrote: "I have been infinitely more affected in many English cathedrals when the organ has been playing, and in many English country churches when the congregation have been singing." His predilection was for national airs and old songs, his knowledge of which was extraordinary. His special aversion was church bells, on which he waged as fierce a war as on itinerant musicians.

For several years there were few musical entertainments in this city worth mentioning before the 1st of November. This year they began with a rush before the middle of October, for no obvious reason, unless it be that the Century Opera Company set the pace. But whereas last year the violinists had the right of way, the pianists predominate this season. Maud Powell and Cordelia Lee, to be sure, have been heard, but they were outnumbered by the pianists, among them some of the most prominent artists in the world—Harold Bauer, Josef Hofmann, Teresa Carreño, and Paderewski. Harold Bauer gave a unique aspect to his recital by putting only two composers on his programme—Bach, who was represented by three preludes and fugues, and Beethoven, three of whose sonatas Mr. Bauer played in the true classical style. Teresa Carreño, who is distinguished not only as the leading pianist of her sex, but as the composer of the national hymn of Venezuela, was much applauded at the first Philharmonic concert for a performance of Tchaikovsky's first concerto, which proved that in her sixtieth year she still holds her own for brilliancy, power, and charm. Josef Hofmann, who began as a boy, when he played like a genius, and then degenerated into a youth of mere talent and routine, to rise again, in his manhood, to the stature of genius very little below that of Paderewski, played, among other things, Liszt's wonderful sonata with an elemental power, an insight, and an artistic absorption which made a sensation. The climax came, nevertheless, with Paderewski's playing of Chopin's sonata with the funeral march, last Saturday. In the German part of his programme there were noticeable traces of the illness which had delayed his appearance by a fortnight; but when he reached Chopin his patriotic enthusiasm, combined with his supreme artistry, gave results that thrilled the hearers. Paderewski never heard Chopin, nor Liszt, yet no pianist, unless it be Rubinstein, ever played their works with his consummate art.

The notorious theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre is to be made the central theme of an opera composed by Max von Schillings, the well-known conductor of the Württemberg Court Opera at Stuttgart.

Le Ménestrel informs the world that Richard Strauss's latest work, "Potiphar's Wife," is almost completed. It is to be a musical pantomime or "wordless play," unfolding a series of Biblical pictures and incidents. The idea of the piece did not take root in Strauss's mind or in that of his collaborator, Hoffmansthal. It originated with a German nobleman, Count Kessler, who resides mostly in France; while studying the picture in the Louvre, La Chasteté de Joseph, he was struck with the possibility of turning the Biblical story to account in the form described. To Strauss, who happened to be in Paris at the time, and to Mr. Diagalew, the director of the Russian Ballet, he communicated his ideas on the subject, and both of them approved enthusiastically of the project.

One of the most popular of Viennese plays, Arthur Schnitzler's "Liebelei," a study of every-day life, the tragic happenings of which are recounted in distinctly Viennese parlance, was set to music a few years ago by a German composer, Neumann by name, and produced with success in Frankfurt, where he is conductor. Later the opera reached Berlin, and now it has been given in Vienna, where Schnitzler's drama is as familiar as household words. The unpretentiousness of its pleasing score,

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its excellent musical qualities, and, above all, the refreshing melodiousness of many numbers, earned for it a friendly reception. This is easily understood when it is recollected how very few operatic works that have been brought out during the past years in Germany have aimed at anything else but abstruseness and eccentricity.

Art

Art and Common-Sense. By Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

For his memoirs of Saint-Gaudens and La Farge the veteran art editor of the *Tribune* is widely known, but this ingathering of newspaper reviews and notices, with a few more ambitious magazine articles, presents even more interestingly a distinct critical personality. Mr. Cortissoz flies the flag of common-sense. For minute analysis or cheese-paring erudition he has scant sympathy or respect. Let a man express his likings and dislikes clearly without probing pedantically into remoter causes—such seems to be his law, while amenity is assuredly his gospel. The main thing is to be understood, and never to be tedious. This policy, which Mr. Cortissoz pursues with marked success, writing as he does a lucid and gentlemanly English, has respectable precedents for itself. Vasari must have had a very similar ideal when he wrote his immortal "Lives." In this spirit Mr. Cortissoz discusses the present state of European art, including the Post-Impressionist and Cubist movements, Velasquez, the art of the Prado, Pintorricchio, Carpaccio, Whistler, Sargent, Rodin, Alfred Stevens, Sorolla, and Zuloaga—to name only representative subjects.

At the outset Mr. Cortissoz admits that "there are some impenetrable mysteries about a great work of art." It is a notion that never troubles him thereafter. Indeed, he is so cautious in avoiding the impenetrable that he remains cheerfully at the rim of most critical problems. Not always. Of a calculating type of talent or somewhat cold genius, he is an excellent critic. It would be hard to find within equal compass anything more just and illuminating than the essay on the work and personality of Whistler. Again the common-sense tactics triumph in avoidance of fads and specious popularities. Mr. Cortissoz sees through the flimsy texture of Sorolla's art, laughs the Expressionists out of court, and notes unflinchingly the going off of Rodin. At times, however, common-sense becomes almost indistinguishable from carelessness or whim. There are essays of exceeding thinness—Rembrandt, Greco, Goya, for example. It is amazing to read that Raphael's exquisite portrait of Castiglione for some mysterious reason lacks precious quality as paint, almost stranger to be told that Rembrandt generally has this preciousness, and otherwise is a rather simple and honest realist. Titian, too, is not precious in his surfaces. Obviously, common-sense uses the word precious in some sense unfamiliar to mere persons of taste. To be precious as regards paint is to resemble closely Vermeer, Chardin, or Alfred Stevens. It all sounds a little too easy.

Perhaps the most interesting group of papers is that concerning four great American architects, Richardson, Hunt, McKim, Burnham. Yet here also the casual and gentlemanly way has its disadvantages. Mr. Cortissoz's only reply to criticism of the bad planning of the Boston Public Library is, "I have never gone broodingly about the testing of its every corner." Full information could, of course, have been had by going cheerfully to almost any librarian, and, to many, a waiver of consideration of the plan of a building must seem also a waiver of the entire critical issue. In the case of Zuloaga, Mr. Cortissoz's aversion to a certain dryness and slowness of workmanship with harshness of color is merely an indirect and unhappy way of saying that he doesn't like Zuloaga's grimness. All the alleged technical defects enumerated are necessary qualities in the expression of a particular kind of mood. It would have been simpler, briefer, and more colloquial, and as criticism equally convincing, to say "Damn Zuloaga!"

We have wished to put fairly the two aspects of common-sense as the critic's guide. It will take him safely and pretty far, but not very high. For a book on art that runs off like good talk, gratitude is due. Mr. Cortissoz has in ample measure the scholarship he treats so cavalierly in others. For years he has provided in New York journalism, a pretty rare article, a sane, independent, fully informed, and entertaining criticism of current and older art. The gleaning from many years which this book offers recalls vividly past obligations and raises the hope that now and then in the future Mr. Cortissoz may consent not to be sensible. To find him in a mood of unreasonable doggedness or of positively indiscreet enthusiasm might well lend added savor to a second collection of essays. There must be moments when the ensign of common-sense may safely be dipped.

We may expect from Holt this week "On the Truth of Decorative Art," by Lionel de Fonseca.

"The Cubies' A B C," promised this week by Putnams, is a satire on the Cubist movement containing verses by Mary Mills Lyall and pictures by Earl H. Lyall.

"Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes" is the title of a forthcoming book (Houghton Mifflin), by W. A. Lambeth and Warren H. Manning.

Finance

WALL STREET AND THE BANKING BILL.

Whether the controversy over the banking and currency bill, and the fear of trouble if it passes, are actually dominant influences on financial sentiment is a question which Wall Street would probably find it difficult to answer. There are several peculiar things about the discussion of the banking bill, and one of them is the difficulty of getting its hostile critics to agree on what kind of trouble it would create.

Side by side, one of the critics will set forth the inevitable contraction of credit which the bill would cause; another, the inevitable credit inflation. One bank president points out the danger of political control—even if applied to the national supervisory board alone, and not to the regional reserve banks; whereupon another eminent bank president proposes as a remedy a bill applying political control to a central board and all its branches. Having learned, by perusal of the text of the pending bill, that the regional banks determine how many notes should issue, and are compelled to keep a large cash reserve against them, the public is all at once confronted with the argument that the notes are Government fiat money, issued without limit and without the maintenance of any reserve whatever.

The fiat-money argument impresses the bystander's imagination; yet somehow it does not seem to worry him, and for this the reason doubtless is his vague suspicion that the argument is based on a certain (perhaps unconscious) jugglery with words. Fiat money, as the Century Dictionary defines it, is "paper currency issued by a Government as money, but not based on coin or bullion; paper currency containing no promise to pay coin, and, therefore, not convertible into coin." Now, the pending banking bill provides that, before any given amount of notes shall issue, a regional reserve bank shall apply for them; that it shall pledge with an agent of the Government an equivalent amount of prime commercial paper; that it shall keep at all times, in its vaults, lawful money in the ratio of one-third of its outstanding circulation. Only then is it possible for a note to get into outside circulation, and the bank must always be ready to take it up in cash. In all these points the machinery merely duplicates the present National Banking law, under which all banknotes are printed by the Government and issued to banks by the Controller, but only when an equivalent amount in Government bonds is lodged

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by the bank with the United States Treasurer, and when a redemption reserve in cash has been established.

On what, then, is based the allegation of "fiat money," in the case of the new law as compared with the old? Undoubtedly, on the language of the pending bill, declaring the notes to be "obligations of the United States," which the present national bank currency does not profess to be. The Government, to be sure, would have no more power to increase outstanding note circulation than it has to-day—probably less, because, under the present law, an issue of Government bonds automatically increases the banknotes. The currency would be better insured of redemption (since the cash reserve maintained against it is much larger) than are the present banknote issues. But the notes are declared to be obligations of the Government and "advances to the banks"; the reserve is put up by the banks, not by the Government; are not the notes, then, when they are first created, fiat money?

It is a pretty case for argument—which, indeed, becomes more interesting, the more the actual facts of the note-issue machinery are ignored. It is an argument in which either side can seemingly prove its thesis, if the premises on which its reasoning is based are admitted. In such a case, the real solution will usually be found by some one who applies to the problem the methods of simple common-sense. Such a person, if familiar with the history of the pending bill, would say without much hesitation that its statements as to "Government obligations" and "advances to the banks" are no less senseless and superfluous, and no more an authorization of fiat money, than if the British Exchequer were suddenly to declare that Bank of England notes are a loan by the British Government to the Bank. But he would also probably conclude that, inasmuch as superfluous and senseless declarations are a blemish in legislation, those declarations should be stricken from the pending bill—even if the process were to hurt the feelings of that eminent economist in whose behalf they were probably slipped in, our peripatetic Secretary of State.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, C. S. The Well-Bred Dolls. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

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